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APRIL 1937

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Foreword

The worship idea of the sunrise Easter Service on the Mount of Punchbowl, outside Honolulu, was born thirty years ago in the mind of an erstwhile drunkard who found salvation at the feet of the Lord, and whose name, Johnny Martin, is now endeared to all and annually honored in this event. He died some years ago. This year a sepulcher scene will be enacted; the three women at the tomb, leading religious singers, will give in music the Easter Tidings. Then a hymn will be followed by an Easter sermon; the instrumental music will be on an electric organ carefully installed at that great distance from the city.

J. F. Edwards is principal of the United Theological College of Western India in Poona and is editor of a Marathi and English weekly, *Dynyanodaya*. Ted Oppenheim is a term teacher in Jaffna College, Ceylon. Mrs. Youngman is a minister's wife in Santa Rosa, California. Mrs. Thurston has been for many years president of Ginling College, Nanking, China. Dr. Horton is minister of the United Church of Hyde Park, Chicago. J. T. Cleland is professor at Amherst College.

The department PERSONNEL OF THE BOARDS contains articles on the retiring and the new superintendents of the Southwest and the Intermountain District, the new directors of Northern and Southern Illinois, the new president of Doane, and other personnel articles and items. Hereafter, when there are no such *articles*, the department PERSONALS will be used.

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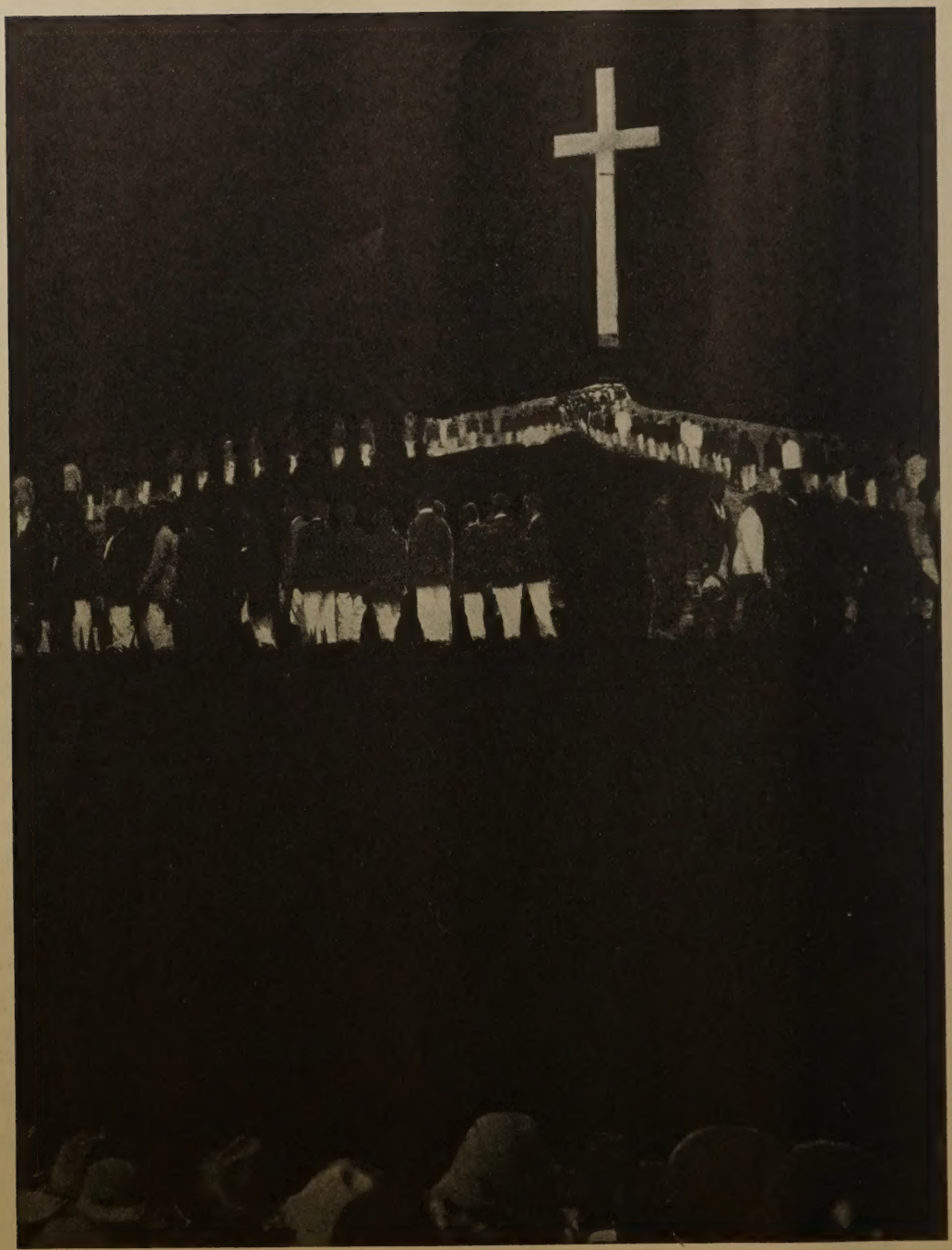
CONTENTS

COVER. The Easter Sunrise Service on the Mount of Punchbowl, Honolulu.

ARTICLES

The Cross Lights the Darkness. By George N. White . . . 131
Prayer for Africa. By Cornelius H. Patton 136
India Advances. By James F. Edwards 137
In the City of Brigham Young. By Ernest M. Halliday . . 141
South Dakota Has Wide Horizons. Picture Spread . . . 144
The Road We Have Traveled. By Charles E. Burton . . . 146
Devotional Service. By Mrs. Charles E. Reidt 152
The Annuity Fund Marches On 153
After a Year in Ceylon. By Ted Oppenheim 154
Boys and Girls of America: In a Southern Mill Town . . . 156
The Daffodil Lady. By Mrs. William H. Youngman . . . 157
The Martyr of Nanking. By Matilda C. Thurston . . . 158
It's Seedtime in Tennessee 159
About the Heritage of Beauty. By Douglas Horton . . . 160
Thunder Over Jerusalem. By James T. Cleland 163
"O Love That Broods Above." Hymn written for the HERALD by a Reader in Worcester 173

CAMERA NEWS. By Dorothy P. Cushing 150
SECRETARIAL SIDELIGHTS. By John R. Scotford 159
GLEANINGS 163
PERSONNEL OF THE BOARDS 165
THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER 171
IN MEMORIAM 173
CHRONICLE 175



"All at once everyone of us on the hillside loses his breath. There is a great silence. For on the opposite hillside where there has been nothing but darkness, suddenly a great cross thirty feet high blazes forth!"

The Cross Lights the Darkness

By George N. White

IT is Easter Sunday. I find myself worshiping in that great Cathedral of England which was begun two hundred years before Columbus ever started out to discover America.

"My! What youngsters we are in America!" say I. "Here is a church finished before they ever knew anything about us at all."

I look at the chancel with its magnificent altar cloth, its communion vessels of gold and silver, and at the Bishops and Archbishops come to help in the celebration of the great festival.

I watch the choir boys swing through the isles of the Cathedral, singing as I have never heard choir boys sing before.

The incense is wafted in perfumed waves; the procession ends. I follow the invitation to take communion at the hands of a man who might be St. Peter himself.

"What a magnificent Lord and Master we have!" I say to myself, "to whom is given all the adulation I hear today and for whom is all this pomp and circumstance.

"Would that more of this pomp and circumstance and adulation might be translated into human brotherhood."

The service over, I walk into that part of Westminster Abbey where lie many of England's leaders, and pause involuntarily before a bronze slab let into the floor.

Across the top of that slab is written the name "David Livingstone" and under the name are written the words:—

"I call upon every citizen of the world, Englishman or American, Turk or Jew, to help heal the open sore of the world which is Africa."

"Here is the answer to my prayer," I say to myself, "for underneath this stone lies the body of a man who translated the adulation of the church into service for humanity and into striving toward bringing about human brotherhood on the face of the earth."

* * * * * * *

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF LIVINGSTONE

I did just that once, right into the heart of Africa. For seventeen days I sailed over the vast deep of the Atlantic, seeing land but once when Mount Teneriffe reared its head above the surface of the sea in the Canary Islands.

"Africa is in sight," said someone coming down from the deck on the seventeenth day. I went up on deck.

"That is not Africa, that is just a dark cloud," I protested.

"You watch it!" they said, and presently the cloud beneath began to detach itself from the cloud above and soon we could see the hazy purplish tops of mountains, and with a sense of awe we wondered what awaited us beyond them in an unknown land.

Late that afternoon we saw the yellow sands of Lobito Bay—a thousand miles below the equator—and later the red tile tops of houses. Near sunset the ship rounded the sand bar which forms the outer harbor of the port.

As the ship was warped closer and closer we began to distinguish faces among the many people on the quay: faces of missionary friends who had come from the interior to greet us—friends whom we had known long since and lost awhile in the heart of Africa.

"We are not going to stay in the port tonight," said one of the friends; "we are going to drive four or five hours into the lion country."

"Where?" I inquired. "Why choose such a charming place as the lion country in which to initiate these tenderfeet from America, some of whom have never slept out of doors all night?"

"Because the mosquitoes are too dangerous here in the port."

"This is a topsy-turvey land," said I—I had never seen a lion except behind the bars of a cage, big bars as thick as my arm.

"Here we are running from innocent mosquitoes and hunting up lions to hobnob with

over night. Why can't we stay in the port until morning?"

My protest availed nothing. We were bundled into Ford and Chevrolet cars and driven until midnight, when we stopped.

"This is where we sleep tonight."

"Where?"

"Here."

"But there is nothing here, nothing but the trees and the ground!"

"That is enough. You are going to wrap one of these blankets around you and lie down to pleasant dreams."

"Not me!" I answered. "Maybe to nightmares, but not to pleasant dreams." And then I made one last request.

"Will you let me sleep between two of the biggest missionaries?"

The request was granted, and just before we lay down to snatch a little troubled slumber, one of these missionaries said:

"Let us have prayer."

"Amen!" said I to that, though I am not very demonstrative about my religion. I do not think I have ever listened as attentively to a prayer as I did while the missionary was praying.

"For those dear friends so far from the protection of civilization (I lived in Chicago when in America), and just now about to be exposed to the dangers that lie all around."

Every breaking of a twig after that meant for me either a lion or one of those affectionate animals I saw later—a python that wraps himself around you and squeezes you to death.

The Thump-thump-thump of Tom-toms

Just before I dozed off I heard my first sound of Africa: the distant thump-thump-thump-thump of tom-toms—like those in the film, *Trader Horn.*

"There it is—*Drums in the Darkness*"—I exclaimed, because I had been reading that book by Dr. J. T. Tucker, toward whose station we were heading.

SOME OF THE DARKNESSES

The next morning, paradoxically enough, we began to see by daylight some of the darknesses of Africa.

As we resumed our journey we saw coming down the road long lines of men and boys, many of whom had heavy burdens on their heads. Soon I noticed that so many of them had on a distinctive type of ragged gray sweater that it took on the semblance of a uniform.

"Why do so many have the identically same type of sweater? Has some New England uniform mill gone bankrupt and sent its surplus stock out here?"

"Every one who wears one of those sweaters," replied a missionary, "is being taken off into what is known as contract labor, but is nothing more nor less than slavery because the European nation (which I shall not name for obvious reasons) is trying to fill its coffers at home with all the gold it can extract from its African colony, and it is doing it by means of this contract labor."

A little later on we were riding in a car with a government official and a missionary over roads so well built that I wanted to know the comparative costs of road building in America and Africa.

"How much did these roads cost per mile?" I asked.

There was no reply until after the government official had left the car.

"Why did you ask such a question as that?" said the missionary. "These roads did not cost one red cent. They were built by this contract labor, so-called. The men had to furnish their own rude tools and the women had to furnish their food."

I shall never forget the carriers of the gravel with which the road was being surfaced. Into a crude carrier made by a strip of bark bound by pegs at the two ends was placed a shovelful

of gravel, all it would hold, and all day long this continuous train of men and boys went back and forth from gravel-pit to newly constructed road.

One night we stopped at a village where I noticed there were very few men and boys.

"Where are all the men and boys of this village?" I asked.

They told me that a year or two before Dr. E. A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin had come into this region to study ethnological types; but he was also making a study of the abominable system of contract labor.

He stopped at this village, was entertained overnight, and information was given him. He carried the data he collected to the League of Nations where it created a sensation.

As punishment for giving Dr. Ross such information the men and boys were sent off into contract labor.

"Here is the first darkness of Africa!" I exclaimed: "the darkness of imperialism; the old, old sin of exploitation of an innocent and apparently harmless people.

One day we were conducted into the heart of the village to meet a paramount chief, seventy years old, so feeble he had to be carried around in a hammock; but he had forty wives!

I asked if he would call as many of his wives as could be spared from their domestic duties, so I might photograph him with them. Then the youngest wife was told off to show me the Spirit Village.

This Spirit Village was a large silent village of empty huts, each hut erected to one particular ancestor whose name was placed above it and to which he returned every night, to find a bed and food and fetishes showing that he still lived in the minds of his descendants. For the Ovimbundu are ancestor worshipers, not idol worshipers.

One day as we were having communion service in the mission station a young man entered just as the minister was saying "This do in remembrance of Me."

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "Your religion is not very different from ours. We believe in after life, but not necessarily in immortality. We believe that as long as we remember our ancestors they live, but when we forget them they die.

Paramount chief and some of his wives
Mr. White behind chief

"Now we see that you find it necessary to have a communion service once a month to remember this man Jesus you are telling us about, and we know why. You are afraid if you forget Him He will die too."

What a remarkable tie between our Christian religion and this heathen faith; and what a fine opportunity the missionaries have to build the truths of Jesus upon such a belief!

But a blind faith is a superstition, one of the darknesses of Africa. One day at Galangue a mother brought her little four-year-old girl to Mr. Coles in order that he might do something for her swollen jaw. [This was before Dr. McMillan joined the Mission.]

"What do you think is wrong with the jaw?" Mr. Coles called me over and asked me.

Before I looked into the child's mouth I noticed she had a little bag around her neck.

"Ask her what the little bag is for," I said to Mr. Coles.

"It was given me by the witch doctor to cure my child's disease," answered the mother.

It contained certain curious things like the rattles of the tail of a snake, the hairs from a certain type of pig, and other like ingredients. When I looked into the child's mouth I found that infection of the bone had gone far. I strongly suspected cancer, but it was so far advanced that the missionaries could do nothing for the child except to alleviate her suffering.

One day I took a picture of fifty children with two hundred stomachs! Let me hasten to explain that almost the sole article of diet in this particular region is corn, pounded by the

"Four times as much stomach as they ought to have"

women into a fine meal, boiled into a heavy mush. I have seen handfuls of this heavy logy mush being pushed into the mouth of an infant.

After a while the tissues of the stomach begin to swell and soon a child has four times as much stomach as it ought to have. This is the third darkness—the absence of a knowledge of methods by which a diversified food supply can be obtained from the earth under the people's feet.

METHODS MISSIONARIES USE TO COMBAT DARKNESS

Someone has facetiously said that the slogan of the Salvation Army might be called the Doctrine of the Three S's: Soap, Soup, and Salvation. When a man comes into one of their stations do they immediately begin to preach to him?

Not at all. Usually he is given a cake of soap and a towel and sent under a shower. Then is he ready for preachment?

Not at all. If I went without my breakfast to hear one of the most eloquent of ministers on Sunday morning, what he said might not get through to where I live.

Therefore, a bowl of hot soup in the winter time is usually furnished our friend. Then he is ready for the third S, the salvation or religious approach.

This is exactly what our sensible missionaries are doing. Some years ago the Chicago River wandered all around the south side, making a portion of the city a bottle-neck through which it was exceedingly difficult to drive.

"Why let a river spoil our city?" said the people of Chicago, and at the cost of millions of dollars they moved the river over some four hundred yards and thus broke the bottle-neck.

When the station at Galangue was opened it was found that the Elambo River wandered through a considerable section of the concession, making a marsh of it.

"Why don't you move the river out of the way and utilize the rich fertile soil?" asked Mr. Coles, our agricultural man.

"Why!" answered the natives, "God put it there; you cannot move it."

"Oh yes, we can," said Mr. Coles.

So I saw the Elambo River which had been moved four hundred yards at the cost of thirty dollars, and where there was formerly a marsh I saw potatoes, peas, wheat and vegetables growing.

In that particular section the little stomachs, because of a diversified diet, were gradually coming back into place, and soon each child would have one stomach, and fifty children fifty stomachs, which I believe is the proper number for fifty children to have.

About the soap—. One of the striking effects of our missionary work is the rehabilitation of physical life. The Christian village and the heathen village differ so greatly that one is baffled in an attempt to describe the difference.

In a heathen village, for example, I took a picture of a native hut, thatched, with a hole in the roof through which the smoke was supposed to go, only when I went in, it did not go out of the hole but came into my eyes.

I saw the mush being boiled for the evening meal, the children coming in for the night, the

"A pig could be seen coming in"

chickens coming in and, in this particular picture, a pig could be seen coming in.

"Terrible," you say. But wait a moment! There were leopards prowling round the village, and if the pig were left outside the hut, the pig and the leopard would soon be lying down together, the pig inside. So it is not necessarily a disregard of hygiene that makes the people live with pigs, but a regard for economic security.

But our missionaries say you cannot do much with people who live like that. At Galangue they discovered a fine pit of clay nearby. They set up a rude but efficient brickyard, and I saw the first unit of a model village where huts were made of brick, roofs of tile. The floor of that first hut was so clean I could have used it as a breakfast table.

Undue affluence, you say? Not at all. Wages were five cents a day and the clay was free. But the result made all the difference in the world.

What about salvation? you ask.

Mr. McDowell has discovered that in native life there are many Old Testament approaches to religion. For example, I found a family in one tribe that had never had a drunkard. Sometimes I thought their drinking native beer to forget some of the darknesses I have mentioned almost justifiable.

"No," they say, "you forget for a while, but when you wake up it is worse than ever."

In another family no husband had had more than one wife and no wife more than one husband. They said one was enough. Some people in America have not yet found that out, as is evidenced by the steady migration to Reno.

Another family has never had within it an incorrigible thief. When a child could not distinguish between mine and thine they used the usual methods of suasion, moral and otherwise (I think of the "otherwise" my mother used to use) and if they all failed the child was sent off a great distance, I was told, and lost!

"We will not have an incorrigible thief to soil the escutcheon of our family," they would say.

Mr. McDowell instructs the native evangelists to devote themselves, *not* to decrying everything in native life, but to building upon the positive elements in it the teachings of Jesus.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

Please transport yourself in mind from wherever you are to an open countryside and imagine a hillside like an amphitheater in shape and big enough to seat ten thousand people.

At the foot of the hill is a brook and beyond it a level space like a natural stage. Footlights are placed along the brook, made of gasoline tins with one side cut out and lanterns placed within. The headlights of a Ford car driven half way down the hill are utilized as a spotlight.

On the stage a little school is being conducted. The teacher is relating the progress of the mission schools over a period of fifty years.

"One year, for example," he says, "we established a nurse-training department." Immediately the light on the Ford car picks out the spot where three native girls are taking care of a patient on a cot.

The nurse-training scene

Later they say they established a dairying department, and the Ford light picks out a beautiful thoroughbred cow, not a starved African cow, being milked. Still later they report a dressmaking department established, and the light finds a group of boys manipulating sewing machines—because the boys are the dressmakers in this section of Africa.

And so on until twenty-one of the activities of the mission are actually displayed within the lights.

Then the footlights are extinguished, the Ford spotlight snapped off, and only the light of the stars is left.

But by this light we can see hundreds of young men and women coming from the surrounding forest onto the outdoor stage, very

correctly dressed, the young women in white, the young men in black coats and white trousers. They seem to be massing near the back of the platform.

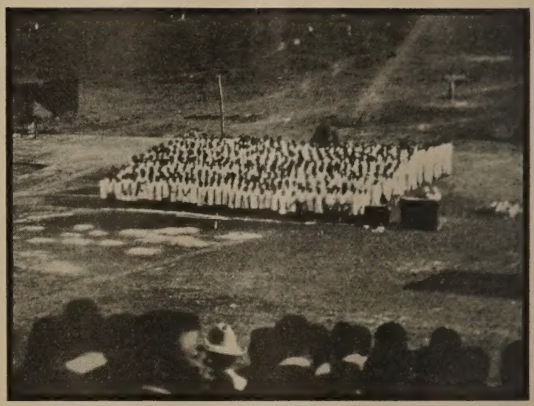
All at once everyone of us on the hillside loses his breath. There is a great silence.

For on the opposite hillside where there has been nothing but darkness till now, suddenly a great cross thirty feet high blazes forth!

Those young men and women are standing under this cross, and in a moment they begin to sing:

"Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand;
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noon-tide heat,
And the burden of the day."

And Director Steed waves his baton and the group takes up the strains of the Hallelujah Chorus from the Messiah. Not one of those magnificent phrases do the young people miss. "He shall reign forever and forever."



"As long as such choruses can sing Hallelujahs"

And as the last Hallelujah rings out upon the velvety darkness of the African night, I say to myself:—

"As long as we in America remember the Great Commission, 'Go ye into all the world'; as long as such choruses can sing Hallelujahs on hillsides in Africa; neither exploitation nor superstition nor poverty can keep her from coming out of her darkness into the marvelous light of the Cross."

Prayer for Africa

By Cornelius H. Patton

O Lord of all mankind, we beseech Thee for Thy people in the great continent of Africa, that they may be prepared for the vast social and economic changes which impend, and may be enabled to take their place in the brotherhood of races toward which the Spirit of Christ is directing the energies of His Church.

To this end wilt Thou bless the work of our missionaries in Africa, making fruitful their preaching of Thy Gospel of good-will, their labors in church, school, field, hospital, and home, granting them both the inner and the outer evidence of Thy leadership and love.

We pray for those who work at their side as members of the growing African Church. May they feel that we are their brothers in Christ.

May our churches here increasingly be missionary churches, not confining their interests to themselves or their immediate communities, but, following the spirit and command of Christ, sending the gospel of love, joy, intelligence and peace to earth's remotest bound.

Help us, O God, to stand behind our representatives in Africa as the representatives of Christ. May we not fail them in our thoughts, our prayers, and our gifts. May we seek by every instrumentality Thou hast placed in our hands to establish the rule of Christ in human hearts the world around.

India Advances

By James Fairbrother Edwards

In this age of dictatorships and anti-religion India is making solid progress in both politics and religion.

A NEW CONSTITUTION

In April India enters upon a new and great chapter in her history by inaugurating a new political constitution which bids fair to make her the first democracy in the East.

"The task of statesmanship is to discover where God Almighty is going the next fifty years," William Ewart Gladstone used to say.

Will India's new constitution do all its framers hope for? If it does it will become one of the mightiest powers for good in the Orient for generations to come.

For, if the latest estimates of China's population be correct—three hundred and forty-two million—India's three hundred and fifty-three million (1931 census: present estimate fifteen million more) makes her family the largest on earth.

The constitution's provision enabling thirty-five million people to vote will ensure the dethronement of the Brahmin. This result would mark a new epoch in India.

Therefore, no wonder the new constitution is unpopular among many of the higher caste people!

"The century has given birth to a great epoch, but the great moment finds a petty generation," might be said of some of them.

The present writer, having watched the great constitutional argument in India for twenty-eight years, twenty of them as editor for six Missions, believes British and Indian statesmen alike have been sincerely aiming at India's good.

RESPONSIBILITY, AUTONOMY, FEDERATION

These three words may be said to sum up the aims of India's new constitution.

The responsibility for governing the most complex nation in the world which has been placed in the hands of the people's leaders is a responsibility with so many "safeguards" that the Congress Party, the most fully organized, *talks* of rejecting it with contumely.

Such safeguards, the framers reply, are meant only for crises and are necessary and indeed inevitable in these days of unstable government the world over, and in a land only eight per cent literate.

The autonomy bestowed upon India's nine major provinces is so far-reaching that the veteran editor of the *Indian Social Reformer* holds that the authority should have been more centralized to prevent the Provinces becoming so many unrelated units. Few others seem to take this view.

While responsibility and autonomy have been steadily developing ever since the political reforms of 1919, when many important departments of government were transferred to Indian statesmen, the All-India *Federation* is wholly new.

It came to birth during the Round Table Conference in London attended by Gandhi and other Indians: by it the two great sections, British India and Indian States, are to be welded into a unity that has never before existed.

In India there are six hundred and seventy-five states, comprising some forty-five percent of her area and over eighty-one millions of her population. Their rulers may rule as they like except when cases of grave miscarriages of justice cause the British Resident to intervene.

If, in the last resort, justice is not assured to the citizens of these states, the Viceroy, as representing the King-Emperor's Paramount Power, offers the defaulting ruler the alternative of a trial by his own fellow-princes whose verdict shall be final, or a voluntary abdication.

One of the recent cases in which abdication ensued was that of the Maharajah of Indore, well known to America by his marriage to the American citizen, Miss Nancy Miller.

There is a strong opinion in many parts of India that for the sake of her people the direct

intervention of the Paramount Power should take place more often than it does.

However that may be, the new constitution brings under one scheme of self-government the people all over India, and this is officially regarded as one of its greatest achievements.

This much is certain, that to continue much longer the two Indias, British India and Indian States, would be to risk a civil war compared with which the Civil War in America (with its population but one third that of India) would be mere child's play.

THE PRICE OF INDIA'S UNIFICATION

It is to be a very heavy price. Here we begin to understand something of the forces behind the clash between the British government and those Indian leaders who have desired independence.

The Indian Princes are probably not only the richest but the most reactionary rulers on earth.

"Every one of the Indian States without exception is miles behind British India," affirmed a few years ago that fearless journal of India's leaders, *The Servant of India.*

"The only two states which approximate to the British Indian standard of administration are Mysore and Baroda," both of which were, it continues, "under direct administration of British government for some time in their history . . . even these lag behind British India in the matter of constitutional development."

That Britain's democrats are deeply troubled in their minds over this aspect of the question was shown by the leader of the British Labor Party, Major Attlee, in the House of Commons.

"How long would British democrats continue to maintain autocracies without some better guarantee of what was happening inside them?" he asked.

Some Indian patriots go to the length of saying they wish the Indian Princes had not suggested this federation for all India, because they feel that the price India is paying for the coöperation of the Princes is a less democratic institution; and they even hope that at the very last hour some factor or other may lead the Princes to withdraw.

Our own personal hope is that by working in close association with the democratic councils in India the Princes may be led to liberalize their rule.

How essential such liberalization would be for the future of Indian democracy will be realized when it is pointed out that no amendments of the new constitution can be carried out without the unanimous approval of the whole body of Indian rulers.

Moreover, these six hundred and seventy-five Indian Princes, well organized in a Chamber of their own, have put a ban on India's independence by stipulating that the basic condition of their joining the All-India Federation is that the connection between India and Britain must continue.

On no account will they sign their new treaties or agreements with India's Parliament, but only with the King-Emperor direct through his representative, the Viceroy.

They distrust their own fellow-countrymen, both Hindus and Muslims, whose failure to conclude an agreement between their two communities regarding the proportion of representation in the councils does not encourage the Princes to make any agreement with them on still larger questions.

And these Indian rulers have steadfastly refused to allow their own representatives in the All-India Federal Legislature to be elected by their citizens: the representatives will be nominees of the Princes—their palace favorites—who will sit side by side with the representatives from British India elected by thirty-five million voters.

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF INDEPENDENT NATIONS

Another set of rulers has claimed a hearing in this historic argument, acting as a powerful brake on the wheel of India's independence. These are the Dominion Premiers in the British Commonwealth.

In 1931 the British Parliament in London passed the Westminster Statute which sets forth the far-reaching significance of that elastic term, "Dominion Status."

This Act made clear that all the countries forming the British Commonwealth are free and independent and perfectly at liberty to leave it at any moment they wish.

It was not long after this important legislation that the Indian constitutional question assumed crucial importance, and the Dominion Premiers clearly intimated that they were not willing to concede to India the "Dominion Status" of full nationhood represented by full membership in the Commonwealth.

This was a great blow to India's pride. The Right Honorable Srinivasa Sastri early in 1935 pointed out that Federation and Dominion Status could exist side by side, but that the free and independent Dominions were not willing to receive India into the inner family circle of the Commonwealth until she should show more fitness for self-government.

The Right Honorable Mr. Hofmeyr, leader of a delegation from South Africa on a visit of friendship to India last autumn, made moving appeals for her coöperation with the system of States to which South Africa now belongs, and thereby help "to assure the continuance of peace throughout the world."

His speeches clearly reflected the far-reaching effects of the Westminster Statute, for none of his Indian hearers could forget that he represented those former Boer Republics which only a generation ago were engaged in mortal combat with the commonwealth into which South Africa is now incorporated as an independent nation.

INDIA'S CAPACITY FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

Opinions differ on the question as to how far the Dominion Premiers' refusal to India is justified by India's fitness, or unfitness, for complete self-government.

Much has been made of the alleged inefficiency and alleged nepotism of Indian Ministers in charge of various departments of government since the political reforms of 1919.

These provided for a large majority of Indian members in every Council, Provincial and National, with many nation-building departments transferred to Indian control. The most capable judges of the results are the British members of the Indian Civil Service.

"It would be unjust and ungenerous," states one of them, Sir John Thompson, "especially in those of us who once helped to control the departments now transferred to Ministers, not to recognize what they have done and where they

"Probably nowhere in India have indigenous patterns been more wholeheartedly followed than in the Christu-Kula Ashram at Tirupatur, South India. In its Christian form the Ashram becomes also a place of fellowship and a center for all kinds of community service. They set out in 1932 to build in connection with their Ashram a Christian church adapted from the prevailing style of temple architecture in South India—the so-called Dravidian type." (From "Heritage of Beauty" by Daniel Johnson Fleming, Friendship Press, N. Y. *See page 160.)*

have gone beyond what we were able to effect.

"Let me mention one or two points. The villager with a sick wife or baby now finds that medical relief has been brought nearer to his door. The number of hospitals has increased by thirty-five per cent.

"The man with children to educate finds things made easier for him. In ten years the number of schools went up by twenty-four per cent, the number of pupils by fifty per cent, and the number of girl pupils by eighty per cent.

"Even in the last five years the number of girls in the secondary schools has risen by over a hundred per cent and the number of girl graduates by eighty per cent.

Over against this fair picture stand: the inhumanity of the Indian caste system; the superstitions and evil practices that lie at the root of India's poverty.

How nobly India's own sons are fighting caste-inhumanity is shown by what Gandhi said at the village of Faizpur where the Indian Congress was held in the last week of 1936.

"I went to your Local Board well, situated just near the Harijan (out-caste) quarters, and I inquired if the Harijans were allowed to draw water from that well.

"I was told they might not do so, that they were suffered to take water out of an open trough from which cattle also drank their water.

"How dare you, who want to win Swaraj, suffer to keep your own brethren on a level with cattle!"

In that same village of Faizpur over $10,000 was collected as gate-money to attend the Congress that was crying out for independence, and twenty-five thousand people were fed daily for a week.

Why then such appalling poverty as prevails in India?

One reason is her worship of the cow, for however decrepit a cow may be it must never be put to sleep by a merciful anaesthetic, and in British India alone, it is estimated, there are twenty-four and a half million superfluous cattle whose maintenance costs India more than $650,000,000 a year.

When we pointed this out in India, Gandhi replied that India ought to pay something for her religious principles!

Whether such principles are behind another cause of India's poverty, her money-lenders, we know not, but it is not uncommon for them to charge seventy-five to a hundred and fifty per cent for their loans, sometimes more.

India has a very noble culture distinctively her own, however, and that its influence in the West is increasing is indicated by the recent appointment of that renowned Indian scholar, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, to the newly instituted Spalding Professorship of Eastern Religions and Ethics in Oxford University.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan, renowned Indian scholar, Spalding Professor at Oxford University

The *Indian Social Reformer* of January 9 remarked that this selection marks a turning-point in Indo-British relations, with "a significance deeper than the appointment of half a dozen Indian Governors of Provinces or even an Indian Viceroy," and likely to effect "closer relations between the Indian and English peoples."

"Religion has been the master passion of the Indian mind," affirmed the eloquent scholar in the inaugural address of the Professorship.

INDIAN CHRISTIANITY AND INDIAN NATIONALITY

But how completely Dr. Radhakrishnan's well-known defence of idolatry as being an infant state in religion and to be tolerated as such is being answered by Indian citizens is shown by the 1931 official census which indicated that

[*Continued on page 149*]

In the City of Brigham Young

Protestantism Achieves Increasing Unity in Mormonland

By Ernest M. Halliday

"Good morning, Mr. Halliday, it is 7:30. Shall I call you later?"

The voice of the telephone operator of the Hotel Utah, Mormon owned, marble-pillared hostelry of Salt Lake City, came pleasantly over the wire at just the time I had asked to be called the night before.

This bit of service is typical of what as a visitor to the capital of Mormondom you can expect to encounter pretty generally. Perhaps the elevator operator gives you another "Good morning" as you go down to breakfast. The head waitress is quick to show you to a table.

The young woman who takes your order seems to have a personal interest in your getting what you want, and willingly pours that second cup of coffee which marks the difference between sheer business and generous hospitality.

One wishes that the personnel of certain other American hotels could take their training in Salt Lake City.

The people of that thriving center are not averse to exhibiting unobtrusive courtesy to strangers. It is a little thing to be called by name by some one who took the trouble to look it up, but it's a little thing you appreciate.

And it shows real understanding of human nature, after rousing a guest from his bed, to suggest, before he has a chance to growl or grumble, "Shall I call you later?"

It's pleasant, too, to find that the man at the Deseret Book Store, Mormon literature headquarters, who takes your film for development, is willing to leave it at your hotel if you can't call for it before closing time; and that a clerk in another store will load your new-fangled camera for you with both despatch and goodwill; and that the Western Union attendant is helpfully on the job to get your message through promptly.

So if you haven't been to the headquarters city of the Latter Day Saints, and have a hazy notion that when you do go you will encounter a crude and boorish crowd, who look different from other American citizens and who can't quite be trusted as to behavior, you are likely to be pleasantly disappointed.

The occasion which called me to Salt Lake City was a three-day meeting of the representatives of six major evangelical denominations operating in this "intermountain" country which lies between the Rockies and the Sierras, and which is largely populated by the followers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

It was an earnest group of a hundred or more Christian workers: pastors, educators, administrators. The sessions were held in the First Presbyterian Church and were properly informal, with short presentations and much participation from the floor.

Many phases of church work received attention, with especial emphasis upon the training of children and youth. It was an opportunity for exchange of ideas, better orientation to special problems and stirring of enthusiasm for united action.

Ought the efforts of the evangelical Protestant churches to be carried on in coöperation with the Mormons, or in opposition to them?

This question, in one form or another, popped up continually. There was not entire unanimity of opinion. The old guard would still labor for the conversion of these "Saints."

Others would evidently class them somewhere between Jews and Catholics, as religionists of a sort, though not our sort. Still others would accept them heartily as members of a sister denomination.

It was noteworthy that no Mormons had

been invited to attend the conference, but some regarded this omission as unfortunate.

On the whole, opinion ran in favor of hearty coöperation with the dominant church. It was recognized that Mormonism has a program worthy of emulation in many particulars and that in theology, doctrinal emphasis and practice it has changed greatly since the rude days of the pioneers.

Considerable self-satisfaction—one might almost say self-righteousness—was in evidence as to the part the evangelical communions had played in bringing about this desirable result.

A good point was made as to the obligation of our churches to unchurched "Gentiles." (In a Mormon country even a Jew is a Gentile.) It was estimated that there are some 80,000 of these in Utah alone.

And it was stated that there is about an equal number of unchurched Mormons to whom our workers can be of real service religiously.

The feeling seemed to be pretty general, however, that it was well-nigh useless to expect even an *unchurched* Mormon to become a good Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Episcopalian, or any of the other Protestant varieties.

Well, you know how it is with the Jews and the Catholics! How often do they come to us even though they may have lost their former loyalty?

WHAT IS MORMONISM?

While polygamy is still a major point of interest in any discussion of Mormonism, it seems to be agreed that the Mormon church no longer supports the practice. In his tract, *What Is Mormonism?*, Dr. John A. Widtsoe, one of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, says:

"Plural marriage, popularly known as polygamy, was permitted by the Church in the earlier days. The practice was based upon Biblical precedent. Only about 2 per cent of the members of the Church practiced polygamy.

"The Church has always been essentially monogamous. When laws were passed against polygamy, the Church, which teaches its members to abide by the constitutional laws of the land, forbade the further practice of polygamy.

"Since 1890 it has been unlawful to take more than one wife. Violation of this rule is punished by prompt excommunication from the Church. The history of the Church shows that this ruling has been and is being enforced. Polygamy is absolutely a dead issue within the Mormon Church."

A listener at this interdenominational conference, who had taken the trouble to do a little reading and inquiring on the side, might have come away with some pretty definite impressions both as regards "the Church" and the churches.

Of the former he might set down the following postulates:

Mormonism is a religion. It claims to be "a new dispensation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." It has its own theology, differing in important respects from that of evangelical Protestantism, but employing many of the same terms. It has its sacred books, including the Bible and the Book of Mormon. It insists that the principles of religion should be put into ethical practice.

Mormonism is a church. It has a well-articulated hierarchy and a priesthood which includes practically all the male members above twelve years of age. It enforces the rule of tithing though its ministry is unpaid. It has a definite program of religious education. It sends out numerous home and foreign missionaries.

Mormonism is a social order. It binds its followers together in the spirit of the clan. It exerts immense authority over their lives. It is concerned for their material prosperity and for their recreation. It is heartily committed to the joy of living.

Mormonism is a political power. It selects candidates and has large influence upon elections either through majority vote or by the exercise of balance of power.

Mormonism is an economic force. It has great wealth. It is actively interested in business. It has wide financial connections.

Mormonism is a changing organism. Its young people have been going to college—many of them to other states—and coming home with new ideas. Under their leadership it is discarding or re-interpreting its primitive formulas. Founded, ostensibly at least, as a pure theocracy of the Old Testament type, it tends more and more to the general pattern of

run-of-the-mill Protestantism. Its "revelations" are less frequent. Its ethics conform to accepted standards. It is confronted by youthful reluctance to yield to the old authoritarian rule.

HOW ABOUT THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES?

And now how about the Protestant churches in the Mormon area?

They constitute a minority group, but a highly influential one. They have definite responsibilities which they are seeking to discharge, albeit with some lack of inspiration and initiative.

They are showing signs of getting together in their common tasks. Definite arrangements are in the making for continuance of this interdenominational conference. One hears talk of "A Church of Christ in Utah," with the denominational names secondary.

This is still a dream, but it might some day come true. There is talk too, of a united young people's conference and united evangelistic effort. The Home Missions' Council and the Federal Council can, no doubt, be counted on to help in all this.

The need, above all, is for a renewal of the spiritual imperative in our churches. Men's souls require stirring. The response to the recent national preaching mission leads to the conclusion that the time is ripe for a forward movement.

Materialism is discredited. Humanism is not enough. The Eternal God is man's refuge, the Most High his habitation.

This, the old yet ever new message of spiritual religion, as we see it in the life and teaching of Jesus and of the church He founded, is the message to whose proclamation we must give ourselves with new vigor in the intermountain area, and everywhere.

And one suspects, after all, that this is the chief need of the Mormon church also, and that a mutual realization of this need may lead erelong to closer fraternity between "Mormons" and "Gentiles" as they move forward to the accomplishment of a great work.

"Many persons unhesitatingly place the First Church of Christ (Chinese) among the beautiful churches of Honolulu. Surely we can enter into the feeling of these Congregational Chinese Christians who, though American citizens, manifestly wished to pay tribute to their mother culture by worshipping in a building reminiscent of Chinese traditional architecture." (From "Heritage of Beauty" by Daniel Johnson Fleming, Friendship Press, N. Y. *See page 160.)*

When the city of Mitchell set its heart upon a nice green lawn for an open-air meeting place in a public park the grass seed was "tacked down" with cheese cloth to keep it from blowing away, and also to encourage moisture to linger. The grass can be seen growing through the cloth.

South Dakota Has

With an average of less than ten inhabitants to the square mile, and with its largest city boasting only 33,000 people, South Dakota is one of our most rural states. Ten years ago it boasted the largest per capita production of agricultural wealth of any state, but drought, dust storms and grasshoppers have made a mockery of this claim. Recent years have seen much hardship in the state.

The mother church of the Dakotas in Yankton was founded by Joseph Ward in 1868.

The beach at Lake Kampeska, where one of the three young people's summer conferences of South Dakota are held, grows wider and wider as the waters of the lake recede with each successive year of drought.

Wide Horizons

The 200 churches of our fellowship in South Dakota are ably led by Superintendent Samuel W. Keck. Although we have strong congregations in the few cities of the state—Sioux Falls, Watertown, Yankton, Mitchell and Huron—the dire need of the small town and rural churches has made it necessary for the Home Boards to carry the load of both leadership and missionary aid in South Dakota.

The Riggs Memorial Bridge across the Missouri River at Pierre commemorates the life of Stephen Return Riggs, missionary of the American Board to the Sioux Indians, who preached the first Christian sermon in the Dakotas near here in the fall of 1840.

The Road We Have Traveled

By Charles Emerson Burton

A glance at developments of a generation in Missionary Education and Promotion

THIS review of the road we have traveled in the way of getting before our churches and people the world-wide work of the denomination is not to be regarded as scrupulously accurate in dates, data and names. It is an endeavor to catch from experience some practical lessons for guidance in the future.

THE APPORTIONMENT ERA

Those who were pastors or other workers in the church at the turn of the century will recall that the church offering was the focal point in missionary and educational promotion in the churches.

Periodically offerings were taken for first one cause and then another, the pastor making an explanation of the work to be supported or introducing a representative of the cause under consideration.

This plan brought into the regular service of worship definite information concerning the work of the Kingdom as a vital part of the church's interest and of the individual's Christian experience.

But, to some extent it seemed out of place in the service of worship and it gave little or no guidance to donors as to the *relative* importance of causes.

Therefore the liveliest speaker usually got the biggest collection no matter how important or unimportant his cause might be.

Something had to be done at last by way of appraising the relative value of the different types of work and by way of indicating to each church what its fair share would be in the total endeavor of the denomination.

So the National Council advised the national societies in 1901 to appoint a committee to work out some plan under which these ends should be met. This Advisory Committee of nine had for two years a paid secretary supported by private subscription.

It got together in 1906 representatives of all the national societies, surveyed the whole field, determined the needs of each cause and the sum which might reasonably be expected from all the churches: two million dollars, including $300,000 for the Woman's Board which had not been represented in the conference.

This was called the Apportionment Plan.

The chief aim of the Advisory Committee was to get the acceptance of allotments by state conferences, and through these, acceptance of their fair share of the two million dollars by the individual churches.

The matter of missionary education and publicity, not very closely integrated with the apportionment plan activities, was left to the officers of the missionary societies.

The National Council said *well done* to the Committee the following year, and it endorsed the plan on behalf of the churches.

The Committee was enlarged in 1910 from nine representatives of the societies themselves to a total of eighteen, twelve of them society representatives; thus it was given the sanction of a commission appointed by the National Council, and its duty was to secure the acceptance of the apportionment plan by the states.

Similar developments were taking place among the Christian churches.

The societies were now asked to support this work, and for the three-year period from 1910 to 1913 they appropriated $17,890.

Rev. Charles C. Merrill was secured as Secretary for the triennium, his duties being largely those of securing the best possible apportionment and getting states and churches to accept it; the literature issued by the Commission had to do almost exclusively with the apportionment.

There was, however, a campaign among certain associations with a view to reaching each church in a given association, and three hundred churches were reached with promotional en-

deavor in which the Secretaries of the Societies joined.

The Commission on Missions, established in 1913, became the apportionment commission, with eight of its twenty-three members named by the missionary societies, but not for two years more was there a secretary especially for apportionment; then the associate secretary of the National Council, Dr. W. W. Scudder, served as such, and the missionary societies made modest appropriations toward the total budget.

Dr. Scudder became in 1917 the executive for the tercentenary movement: the celebration in 1920 of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Under his leadership the representatives of the societies, spurred on by the increased needs occasioned by wartime, formulated at the Mid-Winter Meeting an Every-Member-Drive to attain one of the objectives of the tercentenary five-point program: the reaching of not less than two million dollars annually on apportionment giving.

Four Sundays in November, 1918, were set aside for the presentation of the various aspects of the missionary cause. It was the first time in this era when effective promotional efforts were placed behind the apportionment plan.

This united endeavor lifted the giving of our churches about $300,000 in one year, as may be seen by a glance at page 264 in our latest Year Book (1935).

With this one exception the apportionment giving for the second decade of the century—dependable figures are not readily available for the first decade—is shown to have remained about the same.

Thus, it appears that the assigning to churches of an apportionment to be raised without concurrent effective missionary education and promotion, while it may have stabilized the giving, did not increase it very greatly.

It should be added that these figures are the payments reaching the boards through the church treasurers only, and do not represent the total giving for the missionary cause.

THE ERA OF COMMON PROMOTION

Post-war conditions, especially in the value of the dollar and in the prevailing psychology, stressed the need of vigorous effort to increase missionary giving.

Great movements in other denominations were combined into the Interchurch World Movement, and the National Council constituted in 1919 the Congregational World Movement to do its share in conjunction with it.

The wider activities developed deep interest and did much to prepare the mind of our people for the immediate work of the Congregational World Movement.

The Commission on the Congregational World Movement, with ninety-four members, began active work early in 1920. It was suggested that it launch an endeavor to raise fifty million dollars in five years.

Twenty million of this, however, was to be for educational institutions which neither before nor since have been included in apportionment money. Five million was for the Pilgrim Memorial Fund. That was raised.

The Commission decided to make its goal for five years twenty-five million dollars—about five million a year. A spring canvass, in addition to the usual December canvass, was put on, asking the churches for three million more dollars, and it succeeded in raising about a million and a half.

In December the churches were asked to merge these emergency pledges with those of the former apportionment pledges in the endeavor to raise an apportionment of five million instead of two million as heretofore.

It seemed next to a miracle to have the churches actually do this. But the miracle happened, and for ten years the apportionment giving approximated three million a year.

It was not much of a change in the form of organization when in 1921 the Commission on the Congregational World Movement was merged with the Commission on Missions with considerably enlarged membership, nominees being received from missionary societies, state conferences, groups of state conferences, with a few at-large, all elected by the National Council.

It was more of a change when in 1925 this membership was constituted almost entirely of the Board of Directors of the Home Boards and of the Prudential Committee of the Amer-

ican Board, with only nine elected at-large and two ex-officiis.

It is this body which in recent years we have known as the Commission on Missions, and it is this body which was taken over by the General Council of the Congregational and Christian churches at the time of the merger in 1931.

The three years immediately following 1930 showed a rapid decline in receipts, reaching a level for the last four years scarcely higher than that of the 1910-1920 decade.

The chief reason for this was unquestionably the financial depression, but had there been a more telling challenge to sacrificial giving even in the face of financial difficulties, the descent would probably not have reached so low a stage.

The Commission on Missions was for three years without a regular Chief Executive, and it has been operating with a greatly depleted staff for more years than that, ten fewer executives doing promotional work on the field than there were even a decade ago.

The state conferences meanwhile have become well organized and are now the local bodies for presenting the interests of all our causes to the churches.

CHANGES MADE AT SOUTH HADLEY

But just what changes have been made in consequence of the action of the General Council at South Hadley?

First of all, the "judicial functions" originally carried by the smaller, then, after 1921, by the enlarged, Commission on Missions were transferred to the Executive Committee of the General Council.

These functions are: the making of apportionments; the adjudication of differences between societies; the endeavor to promote economy and efficiency in administration; the making of definite recommendations to the agencies themselves and to the General Council, regarding the national societies.

In the second place the promotional functions carried on by the Congregational World Movement and by the enlarged Commission on Missions are now carried on very much as in the past, but under a membership consisting exclusively of the members of the Prudential Committee of the American Board and the Directors of the Home Boards.

There is therefore omitted from this membership the eleven members-at-large and the membership of the Council for Social Action, which had been a recent addition.

This places the administration of national promotion in the hands of the boards whose treasuries benefit from the returns, and the guidance of that promotional agency under the officers of these boards rather than under officers elected by the General Council.

It is therefore a matter of placing or leaving responsibility with the responsible boards, and seems to be good psychology.

LESSONS LEARNED

Experience with the apportionment seems to make it clear that the churches want to raise their benevolence monies in a single budget.

It is equally evident that a bare apportionment without the breath of life in it—a cold machine without power—is not sufficient. With it must go information, education, stimulation, and guidance.

The churches do not wish to have their interest in missions promoted first by one agency and then another, we have learned: they wish the thing to be done as a whole under what we have come to call common promotion, united promotion, or joint promotion.

It is this joint promotion which is provided for under the Missions Council whose Executive Secretary is also the Executive Secretary of each of the boards for the promotion of the total program of national interests in connection with the coöperating state conferences.

The necessity of marshalling local workers is also indicated by past experience. In the endeavor which had added a million and a half annually to the income the plan followed was to appoint twelve regional directors who were charged with organizing each his own region.

This was done in such a way as to bring to every church individually personal contacts calculated to promote missionary education, dissemination of missionary information, instruction in the best plan of missionary promotion, and stimulation for that promotion.

It was this plan which proved effective. The

lesson to be learned from it is that paid executives will do their best work when marshalling the forces of volunteer workers; there is spiritual good to be gained by the volunteer workers; and thousands may be engaged in the task where otherwise only scores could be employed.

We must recognize human nature and consider psychology. The first meeting of the Missions Council held the last week in January, 1937, made it perfectly evident that the spirit of unity, confidence, and enthusiasm had been greatly increased by placing the responsibility for promotion upon the membership of the boards responsible for missionary administration. We can look forward to real progress in our missionary program.

It may be confidently asserted that our people have enough money to increase materially our missionary contributions; that it will do them good spiritually to invest this money in the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ on earth; and that the causes for which money is sought are beyond peradventure wholly worthy of the best that we can do.

"Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations."

India Advances [*Continued from page 140*]

over a million and a half had been added to the Christian Church during the preceding decade, one of the stormiest of India's history.

This works out at 12,855 additions every month, and the present (1937) monthly increase is probably at least 15,000.

Thousands of caste-people are every year entering the Indian Church, giving as their reason that they want the help of the same Lord who is transforming so many out-castes and transfiguring their homes and villages.

Not only so, but the influence of Jesus and His message is making itself felt upon every public movement in the land, and the searchlight of His personality and teaching is bringing to light some of the darker aspects of India's timeworn faiths, so that a silent revolution is being effected in these faiths.

Moreover, educated Indian Christians say they see clear signs of a "mass movement of the Spirit of God among the educated people of India."

These various factors are contributing to the building of an Indian Church of enduring quality.

Even the reduction of non-Roman missionaries in India by 1,595 during the past few years on account of the retrenchment in funds from Western lands has some compensation in the steady growth of voluntary service in so many sections of the Indian Church.

Nor are Indian Christians overlooking their duty to India's national movements. On their behalf we would request American editors not to leave them out of the national picture as one did in writing of the Indian Congress at Faizpur and saying: "60,000 Hindus, Muslims, Parsees, Sikhs, Rajputs, and Bengalis chatted gaily."

But no Indian Christians! It is quite certain a good number of them were there, for they are to be found in almost every political party in India.

One of Gandhi's right-hand men is an Indian Christian, Mr. J. C. Kumarappa, occupying the strategic post of organizing Gandhi's All-India Village Industries Association.

Several Indian Christian leaders are standing as candidates for seats in India's Provincial and All-India Councils in the general election going on as we write.

Happily, the day is past when Indian Christians can be left out of her nation-building organizations. It was one of the best-known of India's Christian leaders, Dr. S. K. Datta, who, in a notable speech in the All-India Legislative Assembly at Delhi, told the British and Indian statesmen gathered there that if they wished to see Indian democracy at its best they should go and see it at work in the Indian Churches: "so many little Indian republics" up and down the land.

Camera News

By

Dorothy P. Cushing

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WHAT IT MEANS TO ONE BOY

He is fifteen years old, a novice in a Buddhist temple. His high, intoning voice mingles in "Our Father, Who art in Heaven" as students at Matsuyama Night School pray. He rises before dawn, rings the bell, chants prayers; all day he cleans and studies; at night he rides seven miles on his bicycle to school. At 9:30 after school he does his share of cleaning and returns to the temple around 11:00. At five he rises again and the day repeats itself. "For five years he does this in order to get a high school education," reports Rev. Leeds Gulick of Matsuyama, Japan.

LU HO HOSPITAL IN ACTION

Two patients at Lu Ho Hospital, Tunghsien, North China, one with a broken leg. Between the beds stands Nurse Ts'ui and at the foot Miss Valley Nelson, R.N.

LITTLE MORAS GREET LADY VISITOR

Mrs. Alden Hyde Clark paid a visit to the school in Dansalan, Lanao, Philippine Islands, and the small Moras posed for a picture. (Left to right) Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Florisca and Mrs. Pearl Spencer, teachers.

DOES CHRISTIANITY MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?

Leave them alone; they are happy as they are! Two pictures which tell their own story. (Left) A Witch doctor. Look at her face. (Right) A graduate of Inanda Seminary and Adams College and a former teacher at Inanda. Now wife of a Christian pastor. Elected as one of the first representatives on the African Board of Advisors at Inanda. Does it need to be said that she is a Christian? Her name is Mrs. Mayvis Nzimande, and Miss Margaret E. Walbridge loves to tell about her and her work.

THEY WIN BY A SMILE!

(Left) Two youngest children of Dr. John Dube of Ohlange Institute, South Africa, snapped on their way home from Sunday School. (Right) Rev. N. M. Nduli, pastor of the Beatrice Street Congregational church, Durban, South Africa, who wins friends for his race and his religion by his smile.

Devotional Service

By Mrs. Charles E. Reidt*

Prelude: "Irish Tune from County Derry." (Londonderry) Arranged by Grainger.

Leader: "The Lord is in His holy temple;
Let all the earth keep silence before Him."
Hab. 2:20.

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." Mark 6:31.

"Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord." Ps. 27:14.

"Be still and know that I am God." Ps. 46:10.

"Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from Him cometh my salvation." Ps. 62:1.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength . . . they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." Is. 40:31.

The hymn, "Spirit of God Descend Upon My Heart," was written by George Croly, a clergyman of the Church of England. In 1845, at the request of his people, he published a hymnbook entitled *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, in which the above hymn was included. This hymn of the spiritual life expresses in beautiful, colorful language the real needs of modern life. There is so much of the "doing" that we give little time to the "being" and the "doing" must proceed from the "being" if we hope to be effective. In our worship today may we wait upon God reverently in such a manner that we shall do more waiting than talking. Let us prayerfully sing this hymn.

Hymn: "Spirit of God Descend Upon My Heart."

When seated: silent prayer followed by prayer by leader (the following may be used).

Dear Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for that inward voice which at varied times calls us away from the busy paths of duties to seek from Thee the strength, courage, patience, humility, and love for our fellow-men. Forgive us where, in our feverish haste, we have neglected to seek Thy guidance and have hurt others. We thank Thee that Thou art ever present—closer than breathing—and that at all times we can feel Thy presence and call upon Thee. May we really wait upon Thee long enough to gain such strength, patience, humility, forgiveness, and love that our lives will be an inspiration and benediction to those with whom we associate and whom we serve.

Prayer response by vocal soloist or violinist.

Leader: Up musical stairs our souls are led time and again to communion with our Heavenly Father. May this be so as—*Here introduce the musical number.*

Musical number.

Leader: Many times a story remains with us when teaching platitudes are forgotten: so may I share with you this story, the basic facts of which are true, though the names are fictitious?

Story: Between Priscilla, daughter of a Foreign Board teacher in China and May Ling, daughter of a village Chinese pastor, grew a friendship which developed into bonds of deep affection as the girls played and studied together. When time for college came Priscilla refused to leave her parents for far off America unless May Ling accompanied her. Through friends and relatives this was made possible. The two girls, Chinese and American alike, fairly absorbed knowledge and delighted in the ways of college girls. Chapel hours were real retreats to these girls who sorely missed their family worship hours.

Christmas vacation was spent with Mrs. Case, Priscilla's aunt, who in her charming way introduced "her girls" to an American holiday season of much festivity and joy. To the girls' regret vacation was soon over.

At tea time the day preceding the girls' return to College, Mrs. Case fondly inquired, "Now don't you like our way of living in America during holiday season?" In unison both girls responded, "We love it." And here May Ling continued, "But," then hesitated. Impulsive Priscilla finished with, "Auntie, we found God as we have worshiped with you in your beautiful church, but somehow we have missed God here in your lovely home. I've been so happy to be where mother and daddy were when they lived at home in America, and to attend their church, but when they come back on furlough will they be so busy that they, too, will leave God out of our home? We have time for him each day in our Chinese home. It makes us all happier and kinder and more helpful to others. Forgive me, Auntie, if I have hurt you, for we have had such a lovely time here." Guests arrived at this point.

Mrs. Case was very thoughtful the next few days. Her mind recalled when she and Mr. Case had first started their home; then there had been a time for worship of God in their home. A growing family, increased social and religious duties had crowded out the worship period. One night she talked long and earn-

*Mrs. C. E. Reidt was chosen at the meeting of the Women State Presidents in connection with the Mid-Winter Meeting at Evanston to serve as chairman of their group for the coming year. She has for several years given very effective service as President of South Dakota Women's Work. As she assumes this place of larger responsibility we are very glad to publish a devotional service prepared by her.

estly with the various members of her family. Easter came and found Priscilla and May Ling again guests in the Case home, but such a changed place; as beautiful and well appointed as before, but a much more radiant and happy household today. They had learned to turn aside and stop and pray.

May we sing prayerfully one of the world's most reverent and beautiful prayer hymns, Whittier's "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind."

At the close of the hymn the leader reads:—

"For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel, in returning and rest shall we be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Is. 30:15.

The Annuity Fund Marches On

From the 1936 report of the Annuity Fund for Congregational Ministers presented at the annual meeting of the members on March 2, the following interesting facts are culled:

The membership on December 31, 1936, was 3,219; 123 new members having been added during the year. These new members were received from thirty different states and from Puerto Rico and included five missionaries of the American Board. Through a share in the income of the Herring Memorial Fund or through help from churches, conferences, or other organizations, every new member of the Annuity Fund now receives substantial aid toward the payment of his first year's dues.

Annuitants increased from 968 to 1,033; 891 being annuitants under Original Plan certificates. Payments to annuitants amounted to $396,882, an increase of $32,076 over 1935. The total Honor Roll of churches, i.e. those who share their pastor's dues, now numbers 923; 57 having been added during the year.

The assets of the Annuity Fund, December 31, 1936, were $6,610,274, a gain of $388,128 over 1935; and the Pilgrim Memorial Fund, with its profit reserve, amounted to $5,506,825. The distributable income of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund, including that on the Profit Reserve, transferred to the Annuity Fund was $225,000, an increase of $5,200 over 1935. The net interest earnings of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund were at the rate of 4.35 per cent, and the bonds and stocks in the portfolio showed a net appreciation from cost to market value of $582,592. The Pilgrim Memorial Fund credit to Expanded Plan members was continued at $90 for 1937.

In his report, the General Secretary, Dr. Lewis T. Reed, called special attention to the great advantages offered to members of the Annuity Fund or their widows through the method of making extra deposits for the purpose of increasing annuities. Up to the end of 1936, the Fund had received $422,652 in the form of such deposits. No method of saving provides as large an income during the lifetime of the member and his wife, with security of investment, as do extra deposits for the purchase of annuities. Extra deposits may be made either annually or in a lump sum and are of special value in building up the annuities of those who unite with the Fund late in life or of ministers on the lower salaries.

With the credit from the Pilgrim Memorial Fund income, the dues of ministers on the smaller salaries are so small that it should be possible for almost any of our pastors to make some extra deposit annually, in order to insure an annuity that will be adequate for his support at annuity age.

At the annual meeting of the members of the Fund on March 2, it was voted to apply for a change in the charter increasing the membership of the Board of Trustees from nine to twelve, on recommendation of the present Board of Trustees.

THE RETIREMENT FUND FOR LAY WORKERS

An encouraging report was also made to the members of the Retirement Fund for Lay Workers, which closed its sixth year on December 31. The total membership of the Retirement Fund is now 286, including 26 annuitants. During 1936, active members increased by 4, annuitants by 6, employing organizations by 5, annuities paid by $1,866.21 and total assets by $31,196.27.

In the list of employing organizations are 6 state conferences which have taken this forward step to surround the advanced years of devoted lay workers with some degree of economic security. A large increase in the membership of the Retirement Fund is expected during the coming year, owing to the fact that the American Board has both enrolled its lay office staff in the Fund, and has voted to discontinue its Annuity Fund for Unordained Missionaries as a separate fund, to enroll these missionaries in the Retirement Fund for Lay Workers, and to turn over to the Retirement Fund the amounts accumulated for their benefit.

It should be a matter of some satisfaction to our churches that in the midst of the uncertainties that prevail concerning the annuity provisions of the Federal Social Security Act, from which employes of non-profit organizations are excluded, the lay workers in Congregational and Christian Churches are protected

by a retirement plan that is generously conceived, economically administered, and actually sound. Through the Annuity Fund for Congregational Ministers and the Retirement Fund for Lay Workers, all who are serving our churches or missionary organizations have an opportunity to make provision for their advanced years through agencies controlled by the members themselves.

After a Year in Ceylon

By Ted Oppenheim

I HAVE often told the boys in my classes that I was learning from them far more than they were learning from me. It is true, Ceylon and the Tamil people (they are 40 per cent of the population; the Singhalese people are the other 60 per cent) have a great deal to teach me and to teach the West. Sometimes I think that the Eastern people might well send missions to the West—to teach us to be more tolerant and understanding.

Recently, at Jaffna College, a Spanish archeologist gave an interesting talk about the ancient city of Mohenjo-Daro. That city, located in Northern India, flourished 5000 years B. C.—before the sumerian civilization of the Tigris valley. The people of that ancient city used an old form of Tamil and it is amazing to know that 2,000,000 Ceylon Tamils and 18,000,000 South Indian Tamils can still understand that language today. Those people of 7000 years ago were the discoverers, it is now known, of the signs of the zodiac and the science of astronomy. They were the first to divide the year into months and the first, also, to have a religion worthy of the name.

But to me the most interesting side of that lecture was the fact that here was I, a mere Westerner, yet fortunate enough to be an associate of those same Dravidian people 7000 years later, a scoutmaster with Tamil scouts, a teacher with Tamil students, and a colleague of Tamil teachers. I, as a Westerner, was here to bring to the East a heritage which the East had originally given to the West.

We Americans are too often apt to think condescendingly of the people of "India." (Ceylon, if we ever heard of it, is just a dot on the map near the big pink land mass that is India!) Recently I was told by an American that he was "surprised" to see by a picture I had taken that the people of Ceylon were so intelligent. He had expected, I suspect, something akin to the "missing link"! And yet I gather from other Americans out here that such a remark is all-too-usual.

That is the chief jolt to my American complacence: the conclusion forced upon me is that our United States is mighty provincial in its thinking. We are so complacently aware of our "civilization," our "progress," and our "education" that we altogether overlook the fact that such people as the Tamils have known astronomy for 7000 years, that they have had a vital philosophy of their own, and that they have preserved a classical Tamil literature which is fully the equal of the Latin and Greek classics of the West.

"But what is the East like?" you ask. "Are there snakes? Is Ceylon very hot? Do the men all dress, like Gandhi, in a sheet? How do you get along without knowing Tamil?" Just a moment and I'll try to answer your barrage!

I can't speak for all the East—just for Ceylon. In more than a year I've seen but two snakes—one a dead one and the other not poisonous!—except for the time that I visited the snake house of the Government Zoo at Colombo. The snake stories, much like the story Mark Twain once read about his own death, have been "slightly exaggerated"!

About the heat: the temperature in Jaffna never goes above 96°. Don't ask me the reason—I'm only telling the facts! On the other hand, the temperature in Ceylon, except for the mountain districts, never goes below 78° or 80°, so the average is a lot higher than that of America. In the mountains (or "hill stations" as they are called) where we go for vacations the temperature gets much lower.

In fact, one has to use blankets, sweaters, coats, and hearth fires in order to keep warm. On occasion parts of the lakes of the hill districts are even covered by a thin sheeting of ice. Some Jaffna College boys recently took a 1000-mile bus tour around the island and chattered severely when they got to the hill country. They were glad to get back where it was warm!

The dress of the Easterner is different from ours. Since it is warm here and since the people are, in general, economically poorer, one would expect as much. The usual dress of the Tamil man is a long shirt-like cloth (called a "vershty") from waist to ankle and a shirt above, plus a "scarf" which is different from our Western scarfs in that it is longer and used differently.

The women have beautiful "sa-

rees" which, in total effect, are not unlike ankle-length and throat-high Western dresses—though the "saree" is more graceful. Many of the men wear Western suits so that there is a definite mixture of men's dress—but not of women's. Trust the ladies to follow fashion—wherever they live!

Tamil is unnecessary to a Western teacher in Ceylon. Many boys, and not a few girls, are educated through the medium of the English language. Jaffna College is but one of ten or twelve colleges of the Jaffna Peninsula—a place of 350,000 people. At these colleges the language used is English exclusively. (College in Ceylon is equal to high school in America, though Jaffna College does give two years of really college instruction.) The students have to pass a high school examination which is fully as hard as our American "College Boards"—and that, you will agree, is something, when here English is but a secondary language.

The work of teaching has been pleasant and, as I said, I have learned far more than I have taught. In addition to the teaching, I have enjoyed fully the joys of scouting. Week-end overnight trips, a training course, a sail—all these have been stimulating to scoutmaster as well as to boys. Finally the group of Americans with whom I work must come in for mention. They are a fine group of people and I like them all. The latest addition (this year's) is a young couple, both of whom are Phi Beta Kappas—and the husband, to cap the climax, a member of the same Fraternity as I—D.U.

Thus, you can see that I have no regrets at being in Ceylon. I am fully aware that there are many things to be done in America; those things I do not want to overlook. But there are also many things to be done in Ceylon. Perhaps the greatest of these is to help, so far as a single individual is able, in a mutual understanding and increase of knowledge.

"This Smith Memorial Chapel of Grace Church (Episcopal), erected in 1932, has the carved roof of a Japanese temple and each of the rafters is tipped with the gold-leafed metal cap which such architecture requires. The whole building is of white arbor vitae which is used in religious structures in Japan. No drop of paint has been used. The railing of the narrow porch which surrounds the chapel is similar to that in most Japanese temples and shrines." (From "Heritage of Beauty" by Daniel Johnson Fleming, Friendship Press, N. Y. *See page 160.)*

Boys and Girls of America

In a Southern Mill Town

DICK is a talented boy. He manages to keep up with his class in school without always being there—for his family duties sometimes interfere with education. The trouble is that if he and his small brother are to have anything to eat and much to wear both his father and mother must work in the near-by cotton mill. When times are good they earn a little over twelve dollars a week apiece—and every cent of this is needed to keep the family going.

It wouldn't be so hard on Dick if his parents did not both work on the same shift, which is from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon. The ideal arrangement for a mill worker's family is for father to work in the day time and mother to go on at four and come home a little after midnight. Under such an arrangement she can get her housekeeping done before she goes to work, and also look after the smaller children while the older ones are in school.

But a mill worker does not have a great deal to say about when he is to work. Jobs are taken when they can be had—and so Dick has a good deal of housekeeping to do. He must see that the house is kept warm morning and night—and when it has no basement and no plaster this is no easy matter. His father puts the firewood under the house, and it is up to him to get it into the stove.

At noon he is the cook. Unfortunately mill people have not learned to give their children much milk. Dick's chief culinary accomplishments are slicing bread, opening cans of baked beans, and occasionally frying some salt pork.

His major responsibility is his little brother, Teddy. In the picture he is introducing him into the mystery of flying kites. As this was taken on Thursday morning when school was in session it is evidence that small brothers sometimes take precedence over school books. When Dick goes to school the neighbors look after Teddy.

From the point of view of a boy, one of the advantages of a mill village is that you are just as well off—or badly off—as everyone else. All of your neighbors work for the mill and get about the same pay. All of the houses belong to the mill and are very much alike, except that the best ones are reserved for the foremen. There aren't any doctors, storekeepers, or school teachers in a mill village. Such people live "down-town" where the banks, stores, and big churches are to be found—and also the well-paved streets and the really attractive homes. But Dick does not wander much in that part of the world. He belongs in the mill village—and stays there.

What's ahead for Dick? If he drifts with the current of life about him, he will dilly-dally along in grammar school and do odd jobs until he is sixteen and then go to work in the mill along with his parents. They have found mill-town life to be an improvement over working on a farm "up in the hills." Dick thinks that he is better off than his cousins out in the country. Then there are many things which Dick wants—a good suit, neckties, a radio, possibly a motorcycle or second-hand car, and the only way he can see of getting them is to go to work in the mill just as soon as he can. He knows that his only chance to spend money on "a good time" will be between the day when he gets a job in the mill and his wedding day!

Dick flies a kite for Little Brother

But there is another path which Dick might follow if only he had enough foresight and stamina. Down in town there is a high school which mill-workers' children are entitled to attend. The only trouble is that it is hard for them to feel at home when they get there. It is in another world from that in which they grew up. Even though the school is free the books cost quite a bit, and most of the students wear better clothes and have more money to spend than do the boys and girls of the mill village. It would take a good deal of spunk for Dick to go to high school, and it would also put quite a burden on his parents.

If Dick is to rise above the common level of mill life, it will probably be through the church. This is the one institution which the mill-workers feel really belongs to them. It is also an avenue of contact with the great outside world.

Dick has been going to Sunday School ever since he was big enough to walk. He has taken part in a number of religious plays and pageants with much relish. Each year he looks forward to the Daily Vacation Bible School which is held every summer, usually under the direction of college students commissioned by the Church Extension Boards for Student Summer Service. These are the only college students that he has ever known. Through them he is learning to look upon a larger world than that of home and the mill. When he grows older it is quite possible that the church may arrange to send him to the Young People's Summer Conference which is held at Elon College. This may be a life-changing experience for him.

Whether he remains in the mill village or ventures into a larger world it is through the church that Dick is most likely to receive the inspiration for worthy living.

The Daffodil Lady

By Mrs. William H. Youngman

On the outskirts of Santa Rosa, California, lives a dear little white haired lady. Her house is large and old and is screened from the road by the fine trees of an old orchard.

Around the house and out under the trees, in the springtime, is a beautiful carpet of golden daffodils interspersed here and there with white narcissus.

It is a beautiful sight and is the setting every spring for a Daffodil Tea given by the Ladies Organization of the Santa Rosa Congregational Church. A share of the proceeds of the tea always goes to the missionary giving of the church.

Mrs. Cragin says that the daffodil bulbs originally came from England when her mother's ancestors first came to Virginia. Her grandfather, Dr. David Nelson, moved westward founding Missionary Institutes in Kentucky, Missouri and Illinois—and always some of the daffodils came with him.

When Mrs. Cragin, then Laura Williams, came to California with her parents, some forty or more years ago, they brought the bulbs which seemed very much at home and multiplied rapidly.

Laura cared for her garden and was always giving away the beautiful blooms, especially to the school children who came asking constantly.

One day her mother suggested she sell them and use the money in a fund for missions in which she was intensely interested. The first sale was made at a church food sale and netted fifteen cents.

Since that time many hundreds of dollars have been sent into missionary work through the sale of blooms and bulbs. There is a record in the Conference office of over $1,000.00 in 19 years and there was much of which there is no record available.

Mrs. Cragin says that many have the idea that the gardens need no care, but that is far from the truth. She spends the bigger portion of her time in her garden, fighting the weeds, planting new beds and resetting the old ones. She has spent many years trying to eradicate certain weeds, but another kind always takes the place of those eliminated.

For the Daffodil Tea each February, from 2,000 to 5,000 daffodils are picked and arranged. For a number of years from 5,000 to 7,000 blossoms are picked and taken to the North Berkeley Church for their Daffodil Tea.

Mrs. Cragin has many friends and every spring she is most thoughtful of them, sending either the cut flowers or bulbs in bloom to any who are ill or shut in. They are much appreciated and have been the inspiration of several poems.

This one was composed after a gift of bulbs in bloom had been received by the writer of this article when she was ill a few years ago.

When the Daffodil Lady gives a tea
There is ever and ever so much to see.
For about her house on every side
Are reaches of garden and orchard wide
Where daffodils flaunt their golden pride.

Each lovely bloom spreads her yellow dress
And sways to the gentle wind's caress.
To the Daffodil Lady they closer press.
Yes, there is ever so much to see
When the Daffodil Lady gives a tea.

Stately and tall, full of charming grace,
Each daffodil stands erect in her place
And turns to the guests a welcoming face.
Indeed, there is ever so much to see
When the Daffodil Lady gives a tea.

For she welcomes her guests to her fine old halls,
And there echoes back from the kindly walls
Music and laughter and friendly calls.
O, there is *ever* so much to *hear* and *see*
When the Daffodil Lady gives a tea.

The Martyr of Nanking*

By Matilda C. Thurston

A good biography enlarges the circle of those who know a man and what he accomplished by his life, and in some cases by his death. When the death is tragic there are special reasons for telling the story. When the death "marked the turning point of a revolution" and saved other lives it deserves a large place in the life story.

This book begins and ends with the story of the Nanking Incident of March 24, 1927, in which the seeds of hate, sown by the Russian propaganda in China during some five years, came to bitter fruit. A man who loved China and was in deep sympathy with the ideals of the revolution was shot by a soldier mad with hate of the foreigner, and to whom all foreigners were enemies of China. "How strange," were the words of his victim ere he fell dead.

The life began in 1871 in a humble miner's home in Ohio among a Welsh group, his father elder of their church—"a poor home, but morally and spiritually one of the richest." At the age of twelve he was in the mines working with his father. At seventeen he was preparing for college—Marietta. Decision for the ministry and foreign service was made in the college years. Two years of teaching, theological training at Auburn, appointment to China under the Presbyterian Board, a happy marriage to one who went gladly into the great adventure—all this is well told in the early chapters of the book.

Life in China began in September of 1899, a critical time, just before the Boxer Year, when trouble was brewing in North China, and fear spread to Nanking and the Yangtse Valley so that the first summer was spent in Japan. The story of the pioneer stage of work is typical in many ways of the years 1900–1906; then some eight months in Japan working under the Y.M.C.A. among Chinese students in Tokyo preceded the first furlough. The great friendship with Dr. C. T. Wang, now Chinese Ambassador to the United States, began here. They shared the same cabin on the voyage across the Pacific in 1907.

The University of Nanking, one of the leading Christian Universities of China and one of the pioneers in Union work, was the center of Dr. Williams' life work. From 1907 to the time of his death he gave his life to the building up of this University, dreaming dreams and working for their fulfillment. He made friends in America and raised money for buildings.

He defended the work of Christian higher education against the attack of people in the Church who suspected the educational missionary of disloyalty to Christ. He won the confidence of others in America who would see the Christian message applied to the whole life of men and nations in such ways as the agricultural work of the University helps to improve the rural life of China.

He won friends in China who gave approval and substantial support to the University program; and his students loved him. When news of his death reached them they expressed their loving sympathy in many ways. Their brave loyalty to his friends in the missionary group which was threatened that day by the hate of the Communist soldiers undoubtedly saved others from falling into their hands.

The book pictures the happy family life and the dear home open to friends far and near. It is made precious to those of us who knew the family by the intimate story told by Mrs. Williams, by the family letters, and the poems by Dorothy, with their pictures of the Chinese scene. There are the water carriers singing their song, the street on a rainy day, the spring call of the rice bird, the women gathering greens on the hills, the kites in the evening sky, the hermit's cell, the call of the East—

"It runs in my blood and haunts
my heart
And will never set me free."

The love of China ran strong in the family. The letter written by Mrs. Williams on leaving China in April, 1927, throbs with the memories of twenty-eight years in China —"years so full of happiness that it is with great sorrow I realize they are over . . . We always believed the Chinese people were kept and saved as a race that they might enrich and ennoble the earth; we believe it still."

The reader may share this faith and be inspired by it to deeper understanding and sympathy with China in her struggle for new life. The author writes out of an acquaintance of more than twenty years and after four years of work in the University of Nanking, bringing "some knowledge and much love" as he writes in his preface. He had a great story to tell and he has done his work well.

*John E. Williams of Nanking, by W. Reginald Wheeler, published by Revell. Price $2.00.

Secretarial Side Lights

The Industrial Relations Secretary of the Council for Social Action

FRANK W. MCCULLOCH is a man of disarming guilelessness. The twinkle of his eyes, the tilt of his head and the jaunty way in which he carries himself all suggest that he is an exceedingly friendly soul.

He was born in Evanston, Chicago's only "classic" suburb, not so very many years ago, where he has grown up under the spiritual tutelage of Hugh Elmer Brown. Both his father and mother are lawyers, and have ever been "public-minded" in their view of life. According to their son the family has always believed in "using their heads."

After graduating from high school in Evanston Frank W. McCulloch journeyed eastward to Williams, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1926, and then proceeded to the hub of the universe to secure his legal training at Harvard Law School, which bestowed its academic approval upon him in 1929.

Returning to Chicago, Frank W. McCulloch indulged in private practice for five years, which he alleges covered "most anything" in the legal line. All the while his social horizons continued to widen. They had never been narrow, but the years at Williams had brought to him something of a social awakening.

In Chicago he gravitated toward a number of forward looking groups—Chicago Commons, the City Club, the local chapter of the League of Industrial Democracy. Both his temperament and his connections led him to feel intensely the suffering which the depression inflicted upon the under privileged. The problems of the unemployed became his problems, while his legal training was freely placed at their disposal.

Frank McCulloch is a habitual champion of the under-dog. Yet nobody will ever make a martyr out of him. He just isn't that sort of a person. His eyes are too bright.

It's Seed-time in Tennessee

FIVE years ago an appeal in the old *American Missionary* for seeds to be distributed among the Southern mountaineers around Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, made possible the production of an astonishing amount of food-stuffs which ultimately found their way into the stomachs of hundreds of young Americans. Concerning the present need in this area Edwin E. White, pastor at Pleasant Hill, Tenn., writes:

"Of course, many of the men hereabouts have been having W. P. A. jobs. For most of them these have produced barely enough to keep the families in the plainest food, if they have covered that. All winter we have been supplying clothes and shoes for the neediest children in a dozen district schools so as to make it possible for them to take advantage of their one opportunity by remaining in school.

"Last summer there was a bad drought. Even if people were good gardeners they could not raise enough to help the family food supply very materially and I doubt if very many were able to save seeds; I should say that the number who have their own seeds is negligible.

"The amount it costs to buy enough seeds for a really good garden is almost prohibitive for a great many of these families. And no one knows when the public works may end. We have rather definite information that the construction at Cumberland Homesteads, where most of the men have worked, is to stop this spring or early summer.

"If people do not raise large gardens and store a big supply of food I do not know what they are going to do.

"The first request for seeds came a few days ago from a man who lives twelve miles away. We shall have many requests from farther

away than that, besides scores within that radius. I hope that we shall be able to respond.

"I can buy the seeds wholesale from a firm in Nashville, well suited to this region. Fortunately, I have a part-time helper who will be able to package them and get them out. We'll supply a garden planting chart along with them. We also supply a spraying schedule and hope to be able to get out a series of garden letters to help inexperienced gardeners (and many whose experience has been wrong)."

About the Heritage of Beauty

By Douglas Horton

It would be interesting to hear from the author himself, Daniel Johnson Fleming, which it was that gave him the greater joy, the idea of his recent book as it first flashed upon his mind, or the sight of the book itself, a finished product, fresh from the printer's hands, duly entitled, *Heritage of Beauty*. (New York: Friendship Press, 1937. $1.50.) The reader is enchanted both by the idea and the product.

The book is a series of brief studies of the new architectural forms to be found today in Asia and Africa, which illustrate the influence of Christianity on the indigenous cultures—or perhaps one should say, the influence of the indigenous cultures on Christianity. It is profusely illustrated with photographs, most of them of full page size, which illuminate the text—forty-five of them to the ninety-six pages of the book.

An excerpt from one of the studies will serve to indicate the nature of them all:

"In Samoa, within view of the sea beyond white waves breaking on coral reefs, and in the shadow of Vaea Hill, where sleeps Robert Louis Stevenson in his grave 'under the wide and starry sky,' is the new chapel of the Papauta Girls' School (London Missionary Society). A famous Samoan carpenter, Iuma by name, with fifty of his men undertook the work, although never before had a Samoan building been made with transepts.

"The girls planted sugar cane and twisted its leaves on wild bamboo for the eight thousand pieces of thatch on the roof. From beaten cocoanut husks they plaited nearly fifteen miles of sinnet, a kind of string, used to tie together the beams of the building—for there are no nails in a Samoan building.

"Two hundred boys from a neighboring school volunteered to bring in the heavy stones and soil for the foundation of the floor, on which was placed a thick layer of much admired gray pebbles from the beach nine miles away. In 1935, a dream which the teachers and missionaries had held for years came to reality—a church in which only Samoan materials and workmanship would be used. The congregation was surprised at the beauty of this building and love to worship in it."

Then follow two photographs, one showing the exterior of the building in the midst of its grove of palms, the other the interior, with pulpit, communion table, and choir stalls, all of native design—completely autochthonous in form, completely Christian in purpose.

So the book progresses. We are shown that Chinese churches are not all mere architectural importations from the West, but have a form of their own which belongs to the ancient culture of the land. Curved shapely roofs, unconcealed powerful supporting pillars and beams, raised balustraded foundations, elaborate gardened approaches—these characteristics bespeak the fact that Christianity is now growing up in Asiatic as well as Western patterns. On other pages are other illustrations from Egypt, Japan, and India, of the same phenomenon.

In passing it may be remarked that Christianity seems to have been able to discover for itself acceptable, and in some cases marvellously appropriate architectural forms in every culture of the world except that of Africa. The fact is that the African has never erected for any purpose buildings of the dimensions necessary for the average church. The brief chapter on this subject in Dr. Fleming's book is significantly entitled, "The *Problem* in Africa."

What is to be done there—expand the hut, as the typically African type of building, to the size of a cathedral as was done originally at Namirembe in Uganda, or boldly introduce European Romanesque or Gothic?

The thought suggests itself that Africa may be the land where the church of the out-of-doors is to emerge—the grove, the pale, the patio, consecrated to Christian worship. The African is used to meeting in the open for his assemblies. Is that not the natural place for him to meet the Lord of All Being?

Like all good books, Dr. Fleming's sends the imagination voyaging far beyond its own immediate contents. From every page the question leaps to one's mind: If the Christian idea best expresses itself in architecture through forms native to the lands to which it penetrates, may not the same principle hold in the area of religious practice and even theology? Dare we take it for granted that any of the forms of worship developed in the West or

any of our thought forms are indispensable to the East or to Africa?

Consider, for example, the foreign missionary problem best known to ministers of churches in America: that of the relation of Christians with Jews. There are two ways in which the former may approach the latter. We may attempt to bring them over, each one of them bodily, as it were, into our culture. This is the technique practiced by many "missions to the Jews."

What are the results?

We weaken the Jewish community, now fighting for its life on a score of fronts in Germany, Poland, and elsewhere. In inducing Jews to repudiate their own culture for ours, we tear down the fine loyalties of the members of that race to each other.

We offend those leaders among the Jews whom we admire most for their devotion to their people and their ideals, and there grows up between Christian and Jewish groups a suspicion if not an open hostility which is the antithesis of the love which is in Jesus Christ.

We tend to produce in the convert a type of personality familiar, too familiar, to the psychologist: the old loyalty, now repressed, still persists as a teasing memory in the subconscious level of the mind, to save himself from which the new Christian is likely to encase his conscious mind in the hardest kind of fundamentalist theology and in the most impenetrable sectarianism. It is not by chance that the most fanatical missionaries to Jews are former Jews.

Fortunately there is another way for the Christian to relate himself to the Jew—the way of Christ himself. He may walk with him, talk with him, live with him, imparting to him by word and deed the one absolute of the Christian faith, *the fact of God's love for mankind*, as Christ revealed it, allowing that absolute to work its own way into the Jewish culture, producing its own forms of thought and of conduct there.

The techniques to this end are brotherhood days, pulpit exchanges, inter-faith gatherings, and the like, where the Christian may share his insight with the Jew and the Jew with the Christian—for it is possible that the Jew also has something to tell *us*. One doubts if the Jews as a whole will ever accept what we now

"The Makiki Christian Church of Honolulu (Congregational). The style is that of an old feudal castle in Japan. Since the pastor believes that a Japanese castle was first used as a place of worshipping the Christian God, he is happy to have his church in Honolulu recall the intimate relationship of castle architecture with Christianity." (From "Heritage of Beauty" by Daniel J. Fleming, Friendship Press.)

call orthodox Christian theology: it is almost certain they will never be willing to give up their marvellous service of worship, with its ancient desert overtones, its cadenced minors, which speak of thirty centuries of struggle—and survival!

I myself as a Christian would fight to the last ounce of my strength before I would see Christianity rob Judaism of that ancient inheritance, or in any way submerge it. There is no reason, however, why the Christian faith in God's love as Christ revealed it should not grow up through the forms of Jewish culture.

The day may well come and will, if the Christian church lives up to the faith of its own Founder, when there will be Jewish Christians in the same sense that there are Congregational Christians. In that day we shall still be proud, each group of us, of our denominational heritage and the forms which declare it, but we shall be one with each other in having yielded ourselves in common to the gospel of God's love proclaimed by Jesus Christ.

We shall then have learned the whole lesson which modern missionary architecture is teaching us: though the content of Christianity is universal, its forms may be as various as the cultures of mankind.

"What is the relation of culture to religion? Granting that the Church possesses universal truth, should this truth express itself through universal symbols, or should it take on local cultural modes?"

"In the little garden shrine of the House of the Merciful Savior, Wuchang, China, is another happy combination of symbolism."

"The plain cross makes it unmistakably Christian; and the little tiled curved roof just as unmistakably identifies it as Chinese."

"Certain individuals and certain missions are searching for that type of building which will be adequate to the demands of Christian worship and service, but which will appear by its very outlines to belong to the people who will use it."
From Fleming's Heritage of Beauty

Thunder Over Jerusalem*

By James T. Cleland

THE method that I shall adopt in reviewing this book of poems (*Thunder Over Jerusalem: Poems of Justice.* By Allen Eastman Cross. New York: Association Press. $1.00.) is probably anathema to any poet:—I shall separate the content from the form. Exasperatedly the poet may cry that form and content are intricately and indivisibly united; that the form is to the content as a well-fitted suit of clothes is to the discerning wearer. My justification is that the book interested me in two distinct ways: what the author had to say intrigued me first; later I began to examine his choice of words and to repeat aloud his lines. Therefore I shall review the book following that chronological experience.

The author has defined his own point of view in the words with which he describes William Morris:

"And he changed his lyre of music for the bugle of the fight."

It was to the no uncertain sound of the trumpet that I first tuned my ear. Here stands a prophet, a man who speaks out for God, as he views the world and feels that the voice of Hosea and Micah should be heard again; one who can say with Amos, "The lion hath roared, who will not fear? The Lord hath spoken, who can but prophesy?"

So he thunders, maybe not over Jerusalem, but certainly over Washington, as he asks the Supreme Court:

"Have we a legal right to live?"

over Lawrence:

"Here is Promethean struggle and despair,"

and over the Georgia cotton mills, where

"The vesper mill-bells play."

There is a poem on "Recovery" that the Liberty League would do well to read, and one for the AAA:

"But spare the bread the good earth brings to you
And cease to mock the living care of God."

There are comments and questions that should make us hear and ponder:

"God's guillotine was swift to her that said,
'Let them eat cake'—the poor that have no bread!"

and

"Can factory hands be ever paid
Enough to buy what they have made?"

Faced with a lockout he muses:

"Who gave the rich the keys of life and death?"

and

"Who starves his brother may well fear to die."

Of those who would deport the radical he asks:

" 'Faith of our Fathers,' is our faith so weak
We cannot take a challenge?"

You complain that this is not poetry; it is propaganda. Dr. Cross would meet this criticism by a question:

"Or does the poet dare to stand,
With Nero's fiddle in his hand,
While fires of greed consume the land?"

There is more than that to be said, however. There are lines that keep springing up in the memory, phrases that insist on being said aloud, juxtapositions of words that bid one pause, and imagery that illumines the thought. E.g.:

"at the menace of the mercy in his eyes,"

"only silence sang."

"The Day without walls,
The Day of all souls!"

Perhaps a complete poem will give a fairer idea of this poetry.

PROSPERITY

Prosperity, they say, has come again,
Sweet luxury oblivious of the poor,
And diamond leisure hard to human pain—
Prosperity more cruel than before!
It is a palace in a Chinese city,
Walling out misery and piteous sights,
Passing forth bowls of rice, from fear not pity,
Fear that the mob may covet its delights!
Strengthen your gates, O rich and haughty nation;
Shut in your shame, shut out the grief that calls;
Pass out your cunning doles, against invasion
That might destroy those cruel palace walls!
God's guillotine was swift to her that said,
"Let them eat cake"—the poor that have no bread!

Moreover, some of this book—not all of it—did to me what A. E. Housman said poetry ought to do—it affected me in the pit of the stomach; it set up in my sense, I am sure, "a vibration comparable to what was felt by the writer," and that, says Housman, is the function of poetry.

Yet form and content are united, united in the expression of a religious view of life. Behind the questions and the judgments there is a way of living interpreted in terms of a conception of God. There is the assurance that the things that are honest and of good report will be given a hearing; there is the sure knowledge of renewal in contact with God:

"Oh, be thou well assured, the Love that bore thee,

*From the February issue, *Amherst Graduates' Quarterly.*

Star of the night, shall evermore
restore thee!"

There is the linking of earth and heaven:

"The splendor of God is the justice
of man!"

There is power here as well as indignation, certainty as well as fear, hope as well as condemnation. . . . To Isaiah's

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks,"

and to Burns's

"For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that,"

is now added

". . . your courage bids me rise
To laugh at doom and greet the
Day afar
When Darkness opens to the Morning Star."

The Negro and His Cults

All the world has heard of Father Divine, but few people realize that there are many other Negro leaders of similar movements. In the January *Crisis* Miles Mark Fisher, a Negro Baptist minister, discusses the *reasons* for the power of these free-lance religious movements:

"The cults have said distinctly that the future Negro churches shall neither be 'exclusively Negro' nor 'primarily white' but 'Christian.'

"Simplicity distinguishes the cults and might as well characterize the churches. Cult leaders are not degreed clergymen, but are former cooks, like Crowdy and Grace, and an ex-dressmaker, like Horne, and an ex-fish peddler, like Michaux, and an ex-barber (?) like Divine, all of whom would hardly be licensed to preach by any of the popular denominations.

"The cults are most prosperous where intelligence abounds, establishing their headquarters in our cultural and educational centers like New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, and Memphis, primarily because the evangelical denominations appeal less and less to the untrained masses. In proportion as the churches are becoming unemotional—fine, fashionable and formal—their programs become less intelligible to the common man. Unsophisticated churchmen and the 'forgotten' masses, therefore, furnish the great majority of the cult members who are held by the weirdest type of emotionalism.

Gleanings

"In no one of the popular denominations is full standing given to women. Regardless of a Constitutional amendment and of the fact that the larger percentage of church members are women, women are not leaders of the historical churches.

"Cult leaders have the courage to denounce this world. All popular amusements are taboo. Nowhere at a local or a sectional or a national meeting of the United Holy Church will a saint be found using tobacco.

"The churches used to lead in social work. Trained Negro clergymen now content themselves with the current philosophy that churches are to furnish the inspiration for social work rather than to do it. The cults, however, operate social agencies even though their plants are often dilapidated."

The Inclusive Church

"It is this awareness of distinctive cultures—even a rejoicing that such differences remain—that leads a distinguished leader in the Near East, when he dreams of a future Christianized environment to think 'not of Gothic architecture, but of Moorish buildings; not of church steeples with crashing church bells, but of graceful minarets and the call to prayer to the true God as revealed in Christ; not of public worship concentrated in one day in the week, but distributed throughout the week by daily prayer, especially at the noon hour as now in Moslem lands; not of a Western Christian service dominated by human exhortation and the appeal to intellect alone, but a worship of meditation and adoration which we of the West have almost lost.' To recognize the validity of such cultural differentiations is to affirm the catholic character of the Christian church." — From *Heritage of Beauty* by Daniel Johnson Fleming.

Without Benefit of a Physician

E. J. Fraser, superintendent of health center and hospital which the Home Boards maintain at Grants, N. M., reports: "On December 18 at about 5 p. m. a rancher living about twenty-three miles south of Grants brought in an Indian woman and her little girl aged about three years. The child was badly burned, having fallen into a campfire around which she and two other Indian children were playing while the parents were off picking piñons.

"About four hours had elapsed between the accident and the time of reaching the Hospital, which made it a difficult case to handle. We could not get a doctor for her at first and communicated with the Indian Service Hospital at Ft. Wingate near Gallup. They promised to send a car after the mother and child, and in the meantime the nurse and Mrs. Fraser did all that could be done. An hour before the car from the Indian Hospital arrived the little girl died apparently without much pain."

Personnel of the Boards

Superintendent James F. Walker Retires

THE retirement of James F. Walker on March 31 from the superintendency of the Intermountain District removes from active home missionary service one of the last of the pioneers of the old West.

Although James Walker was born in Bethel, Maine, he did not stay there but at the age of two migrated to Albert Lea, Minnesota, then very much of a frontier town. Between the ages of nine and twelve he lived on the Fort Berthold Indian reservation in Dakota Territory, where Charles L. Hall was beginning his half century of missionary service.

In 1880 the Walker family moved again, this time on to unsurveyed government land in east-central Dakota Territory. It took them six weeks to make their journey from Fort Berthold to their new location, and of course they travelled in a covered wagon. James Walker summarizes these years in four words, "Hard work; little school."

At the age of nineteen he left home for Redfield College, S.D. with his parents' blessing but no money, for their crop had been destroyed by a hail storm. His school life was interrupted by sickness and financial difficulties.

In 1894 he married Rebekah Hedges in Chicago and undertook his first pastorate at Willow Lakes, South Dakota. At the end of the first year, before he had even been ordained, his health broke, and the doctors told him that he should not go on with the ministry.

From 1896 to 1900 he farmed 440 acres in Spink County, South Dakota, with fair success. He then moved to Grand Junction, Colorado, where he bought a fruit ranch.

Three years later he lost first his youngest son and then his wife. Broken in both health and finance, he tried his hand at mining. In this he had three narrow escapes. On one occasion the camp burned down, and Mr. Walker was blown up by a dynamite charge that had been "planted."

At the end of their journey they took up a missionary task which had been wished on them by James A. Becker, a former pastor of the Grand Junction Church.

At Redvale the Walkers secured a block of ground from the townsite company, on which they pitched a 12′ x 14′ tent of ten-ounce duck and set up housekeeping. By the time November arrived one church and three Sunday Schools had been organized and a five-room parsonage erected.

J. F. Walker

Through these years James F. Walker, often supplying churches and conducting funerals, still cherished the dream of going on with his ministry. In 1910 he married Miss Edith L. Fenner in Grand Junction, Colorado. In May of the same year he started with his bride, who had never before lived outside of the "city limits," for the Naturita-Paradox valleys. They made the trip of 150 miles with a buggy and a span of broncos in six days.

For six and a half years they served a field approximately 30 by 150 miles in extent—and without benefit of automobile. The country was rough, and the roads at times impassable. The broncos were faithful, but also furnished plenty of excitement by balking or running away. In the spring of 1911 a chapel was erected at Redvale

and the following year a neat little church at Nucla.

In 1913 Frank L. Moore became superintendent of Colorado, and went with Walker over the roughest roads and most remote trails, laying the foundation for a long and intimate friendship. In 1915 the broncos were pensioned, and a Ford car secured—through Frank L. Moore—in their stead. However, weird tales are told of its strange ways.

In 1916 the Walkers sought a change by resigning and going on a "raw homestead" in an isolated spot. Here their youngest daughter managed to arrive five hours ahead of the doctor.

The fall of 1917 found James F. Walker in the pastorate again at Colbrain, Colorado, in the heart of the cow country. Here he had to live down the prevalent notion that preachers were by nature "sissies." He also laid the concrete foundations upon which the Colbrain Community House now rests.

A call to work as assistant superintendent took the Walkers to Oklahoma in 1920. Two years later they were shifted back to Colorado and Wyoming in a similar capacity. In 1929 James F. Walker was elected superintendent of the Intermountain District, consisting of South Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, for the Church Extension Boards.

It is quite appropriate that his service should have been in one of the most sparsely settled portions of the West where many of the pioneer traditions still persist.

As a superintendent he has been characterized by a keen understanding of the people of this region and by patient persistence in attaining his goals.

His territory is remarkably free of what has been described as "ecclesiastical junk" — churches which have no clear reason for existence.

During the past six years he has enjoyed a happy fellowship with Harry Johnson, who now becomes his successor—thanks to the retiring rules of the Home Boards.

Harry W. Johnson Becomes Superintendent

Harry W. Johnson is a very western sort of a person—from the way he wears his rather ample hat to the frankness with which he speaks. Yet he was not born as far west as one might expect, first seeing the light of day somewhere in the region north of Omaha.

Rev. Harry W. Johnson New Superintendent of the Intermountain District

He took the first part of his college course at the state normal at Peru, Nebraska, and the latter part at the University of Nebraska, where he graduated in 1912. The next three years were spent at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago where he received his degree in 1915.

Harry Johnson's first pastorate was at New London, Wisconsin—an old lumber town where sawdust is giving way to modern industrialism. From 1916 to 1920 he was associated with T. M. Shipherd at the newly re-located Plymouth Church of Milwaukee.

The call of the West caught Harry Johnson in 1920 and took him out to Lusk, Wyoming, which the discovery of oil had made something of a boom town.

After three years in the great open spaces he pushed on to Oregon where he was pastor of the church at Salem from 1923 to 1925, and of the Alameda Park Church of Portland from 1925 to 1930. In the latter year he became pastor-at-large for the Intermountain District, comprising Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, under the direction of Superintendent James F. Walker.

Harry Johnson's specialty has been getting churches out of the doldrums in which they happen to be caught and the conducting of financial campaigns.

He has not been a fly-by-night worker, but has stayed with particular churches for weeks or even months until he has accomplished that which he has set out to do. Few men have been more carefully trained for the position which he now assumes.

He has two sons and one daughter. The oldest boy is a freshman at Oberlin.

R. R. Shoemaker

R. R. Shoemaker Retires

After fifteen years of journeying up and down the magnificent distances of Arizona, New Mexico and West Texas, Richard R. Shoemaker is, at his own request, retiring on March 31 from the position of Superintendent of the Southwest District of the Church Extension Boards.

In his ecclesiastical ancestry Richard R. Shoemaker fore-shadowed the happy merger of the Congregational and Christian denominations. He grew up among the Christian churches of New England and was ordained to their ministry in 1898. Ten years later he migrated into the Congregational fold, his first pastorate being at Lusk, Wyoming—at that time a small cattle town whose only seasons of activity were when wool and cattle were shipped in the spring and fall. After two years he moved on to Douglas, Wyoming, for a similar period. This was followed by a year at El Reno, Oklahoma, and two years at Port Arthur, Texas.

Turning his face back towards the West, Mr. Shoemaker was pastor at Montrose, Colorado—on the far side of the Rockies—from 1915 to 1919. He then returned to Lusk, which was then enjoying the wild prosperity of an oil boom and had suddenly become a quite considerable metropolis. From 1920 to 1922 he was at Eaton, Colorado.

In 1922 the beloved superintendent of the Southwest, J. H. Heald, asked Mr. Shoemaker to become his assistant. After a two-year apprenticeship he succeeded to the superintendency in 1923.

Richard R. Shoemaker has always regarded himself as a pronounced liberal in theology. As a home missionary administrator he has been a diligent dreamer of dreams. One of the brightest of these has been the building up of Pilgrim Playground as a center of inspiration for both old and young where those of both Anglo Saxon and Spanish ancestry meet in happy fellowship.

He has been deeply interested in the development of the Health Center at Grants, New Mexico, and in the welfare of the Spanish speaking churches of his district. A man of independent views himself, Mr. Shoemaker has been quite successful in gathering about him pastors with a progressive outlook on life.

The Pastor at Nogales Takes His Place

O. A. Smith is a man who has successfully waged a life-long struggle with ill-health until these later years have seen him assuming first one and then another administrative duty with success. The climax of many years of unassuming service has come in his selection as the new superintendent of the District of the Southwest, which includes Arizona, New Mexico, and the western tip of Texas.

Mr. Smith's birthplace was near Big Rapids, Michigan, where his father was a public official and local preacher. Compelled to leave school at the age of fifteen, and confined for eight years to the house, he improved the opportunity to study law, medicine, accountancy, theology and philosophy, much of the time under private tutors.

After three years of apprenticeship to a book binder, with improving health he was licensed to preach and was commissioned as a missionary to the lumber camps about Mackinac Straits in 1895, and four years later became college pastor at the Central Michigan Normal School.

In 1900 ill-health led him to Colorado where he spent nine years, a portion of them as pastor of the Smith Memorial United Brethren Church of Denver and State Superintendent. From 1909 to 1920 he served in New Mexico as pastor, counsellor, and chairman of the local board of education, helping to organize the first consolidated public school in the state.

In 1920 O. A. Smith was called to the Trinity Congregational Church of Nogales, Arizona, where he speedily assumed leadership in many enterprises making for social welfare; organized the Associated Charities of the International Social Service Bureau of Nogales (which is exactly on the Mexican border); proposed the International Relations Committee, serving for fifteen years as a member; and for fourteen years was superintendent of the relief department of Santa Cruz County. He was member of the city council for six years, and represented a group of United States civilians at the time of the inauguration of Ortiz Rubio as president of Mexico. This was at Ortiz Rubio's request.

O. A. Smith

Mr. Smith has two daughters and two sons, the younger couple in the public schools of Nogales. His success in various administrative tasks have qualified him to look after the interests of our churches in this widely extended region—2000 miles in circumference. He expects to continue as pastor of the church in Nogales, but to retire from his local social service activities.

Illinois Reorganizes

SINCE the retirement of its two superintendents, R. J. Locke and F. W. Raymond in the early days of 1934, the Illinois Conference has gotten along with much lay leadership plus the patience and painstaking services of J. H. Finley, a layman, as business manager. This period of three years has been spent in reducing the indebtedness of the conference on the one hand and in working out a more satisfactory plan of organization for the future on the other.

Out of much discussion and not a little research a new set-up has been evolved which becomes fully operative on April 1. This involves the division of the state into three areas —Chicago, Northern and Southern —each of which will be headed by a "Director" who is immediately responsible to the twelve trustees elected from his district who will meet together as a committee of the whole in considering local matters.

The unity of the state conference will be maintained by frequent meetings of the three directors with an executive committee of six and the continuance of the present small office in Chicago for the transaction of joint business and the handling of finances.

Under this arrangement the affairs of the Chicago Association will continue to be directed by Ernest Graham Guthrie and the Chicago Congregational Union, but the other churches of the state will achieve a greater degree of independence of Chicago than in the days when all the conference officials lived in the big city.

Although the new field men will have the title of "Director"—to match the nomenclature of the Chicago Union—they will be expected to render to the churches the intimate sort of service commonly associated with a pastor-at-large. Perhaps the greatest gain under this arrangement is that they are to live on their field of labor and not in Chicago. The two men chosen are R. Ernest Akin for the Northern Area and Walter C. Giersbach for the Southern.

The Director of the Northern Area of Illinois

Ernest Akin has seen life on several fronts.

On the educational front he received his bachelor's degree from Albion College in 1907 and his master's from Olivet College in 1910, also a state teacher's certificate, and has since dabbled in education, history and literature at the University of Louisville.

On the Methodist front he served student pastorates during his last two years at Albion and served rural churches while studying at Olivet. From 1910 to 1913 he was pastor of the Asbury Church of Detroit, and from 1913 to 1918 of the First Methodist Church of Highland Park, which was then a country church in process of being overwhelmed by the city of Detroit. Under Mr. Akin's leadership a new building was erected at a cost of $200,000 and a mission church was launched.

On the war front Ernest Akin served as chaplain for six months, and later was successively director of religion and of educational work at Camp Dix under the YMCA.

Back on the church front, from 1919 to 1923 he was pastor of the Church of Our Father (Universalist and Unitarian) in Louisville.

On the financial front he spent eight years conducting financial campaigns for churches, community funds, hospitals and kindred causes.

On the Congregational front, Mr. Akin became pastor of St. Paul's Church of Chicago in 1930, where he continued until called to the Federated Congregational and Universalist church of Sycamore, Illinois, in 1935, where he has been prominent in many community enterprises.

Beginning April 1 Ernest Akin will seek to serve the interests of the 121 churches of our fellowship in northern Illinois outside of Chicago. He expects to reside at LaSalle and to give much time to assisting churches in their financial problems, particularly in the restoration of pastors' salaries. He is married, but has no children. He says he has no minor vices except eating and collecting postage stamps.

Sculptor P. K. Kufrin, Chicago

Dr. Giersbach

The Director of the Southern Area of Illinois

Walter C. Giersbach originated in Wisconsin, taking both his academy and college work at

Northland, on the chilly shore of Lake Superior. After learning the printing trade and teaching school he gravitated towards the ministry as a life calling. In this he was confirmed and encouraged by his wife, the talented daughter of the late Charles L. Fisk and Mrs. Marion Ballou Fisk. After rural service he became a member of the staff of the Euclid Avenue Church of Cleveland, of which Ferdinand Q. Blanchard is pastor.

After two years in this position the desire for a more adequate training led him—and his wife—to Chicago Seminary, where he graduated in 1930. For the next three years he assisted Professors Holt and Kincheloe in the Department of Surveys. In addition to gaining much insight into church life Walter Giersbach improved this opportunity to earn the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Chicago, which was conferred upon him in 1933. In the fall of 1933 he became pastor of the Millard Church, located in the Czecho-Slovak section of Chicago's west side.

This varied experience fits the Giersbachs for the problems which they will face in Southern Illinois in meeting the needs of a host of small rural churches. They began service on January 1 and were just beginning to get acquainted with their fields when the flood precipitated them into the midst of a number of emergency situations. They are making their headquarters at Decatur.

Bryan S. Stoffer Goes to Doane

BRYAN S. STOFFER, for thirteen years a missionary of the American Board in India, has been chosen to be the fifth president of Doane College, which is located in Crete, Nebraska. He will assume this position on June 1, succeeding President Dean, who retired last June.

Although still a comparatively young man, the new president of Doane has travelled far geographically, educationally and spiritually. He was born near Canton, Ohio, graduated from high school at Alliance, Ohio, entered college at Ashland College in Ohio, and graduated from Oberlin in 1918. In 1920 he earned his Master of Arts and in 1922 his Bachelor of Divinity degrees from the University of Chicago and in 1932 was made a Doctor of Philosophy by the same institution.

Bryan S. Stoffer was commissioned a missionary of the American Board in 1923 and assigned to India. For two years he was principal of the interdenominational theological seminary at Pasumalai. For another two years he was engaged in work in the central local council of the Madura Mission which includes work among the criminal tribes.

Since 1928 he has been president of the American College in Madura. He was in this country on furlough 1930-32 and was recalled in June 1935 because of the health of his family. His wife Freida E. Stoffer is a native of Indiana, a graduate of Ashland College and Teacher's College of Indianapolis. They have two children—a son, Robert, eleven years old and a daughter, Elizabeth Anne, who is getting along towards her second birthday.

President Stoffer

Until June President Stoffer will continue to give most of his energies to the raising of money for the American College of Madura.

Bryan S. Stoffer is both urbane and unassuming in his manner. He has spoken before our largest churches and most important gatherings. He is both a philosopher and an educator, and is young enough to participate in our young people's summer conferences with gusto.

Doane College has always had a lively interest in missions. It is an avowedly Christian college, which has always maintained high academic standards. Its campus is one of the beauty spots of Nebraska, while the addition of two modern dormitories under the leadership of President Dean has made it an attractive place to study. The payment of a portion of Doane's share of a residuary estate left to it many years ago has placed the college in a fairly good financial position. During the present year the school has gone forward smoothly and effectively under the leadership of Dean J. E. Taylor as acting president. The outlook of Doane under its new administration is exceedingly bright.

"We Who Are About to Die, Salute You"

By R. R. Shoemaker*

NOTHING doing. Walker and I are not dead yet by a large majority. And we salute nobody.

O, we have no objection to passing the time of day, just to be courteous, but no genuflections. (Crooking the knee, for you uneducated.)

We are not unappreciative of your kindliness. You have perhaps, given us greater consideration than we deserved. Some of you have been human, though clothed with the toga of authority.

We trust that we have been sufficiently humble—not too humble, for it is an observation that the Uriah Heeps do not do the world's work.

Neither have we been waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity, as is the custom of some.

We have a sneaking suspicion that you have known our limitations. We do have them.

On the other hand, simple as we look, we have known that you had yours.

Though living in the Wild and Woolly, we know a "Hawk from a Handsaw."

We have not been stampeded with the Broncs of Fiat Reform. We know that changes are inevitable, but we also know that social and spiritual cosmetics are only skin deep. The glow of health that will not rub off, comes from within.

*Read before the recent Mid-Winter meeting at Evanston.

The fire burns low—no longer leaps
The ardent flame in luring gleams—
Yet can I rake some embers from the hearth
To light my pipe of dreams.

For though Desire, once vaulting, lags,
And the once bounding pulses murmur low,
Yet do I know the precious gift of life
Is sweeter than the dreams of long ago.

Still will I build my castles in the smoke—
Still will I cherish visions of the night—
Knowing the best I dream and hope
Will be transfigured in the coming light.

Miss McDermott Completes Twenty-five Years

By Wilfrid A. Rowell

AMONG the most helpful and efficient of the assistants in the secretarial staff of the National Societies is Miss Sallie A. McDermott in the Chicago office of the Education Society.

Miss McDermott graduated from the Congregational Training School for Women in Chicago in the spring of 1912 and was immediately chosen by the Board of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society to be Dr. Gammon's assistant in the Chicago office. When the reorganization of our societies took place and Dr. Gammon was elected Associate Secretary of the Education Society, Miss McDermott was continued as his assistant.

Miss McDermott's responsibilities have included the management of all the office details, a voluminous correspondence covering many different aspects of religious education, the promotion of attendance at, and an active share in, the management of young people's conferences at Tower Hill and Green Lake, the promotion of many week-end and leadership training conferences, with a considerable share in program-building. She has given especial attention to the promotion of world friendship and missionary materials in Illinois, and has been for many years librarian of the Conference Library.

She has made a large contribution to work by personal conference. The absence of Dr. Gammon so much for field work has made it quite essential that someone be in the office who knew in detail our program of religious education, who could talk with all those coming to the office and who could answer correspondence.

She has been and is an acceptable member of the Board of the State Women's Fellowship.

She now continues with Dr. Reynolds in the work of the Education Society.

All who have worked with Miss McDermott have been impressed with her mastery of detail, her good judgment, her loyalty to her duty, and her most friendly spirit. She is one of the company of those absolutely indispensable people upon whose wisdom, patience, and skill rests the smooth running of great organizations and the successful work of other people.

Other Personals

Lillian Brauer, formerly social worker under the American Board in Adana, Turkey, is now Director of Girls' Work at the Northwestern University Settlement in Chicago, has six hundred girls in her charge and about fifteen workers under her.

Mrs. William Woodard arrived in February from Osaka, Japan, to be followed by her husband in June. As Harriet Mead of Ann Arbor, Mich., she studied a year in Western Reserve University, took a ten-months training as nurse, and was married in 1920. They went to Japan the next year. From 1931 to 1935 they worked for the Japanese in Seoul, Korea, but were re-located in Japan the latter year.

Betty I. Taylor, R.N., arrived in Ottawa on February 22, after her first term of service with the Madura Mission. She was superintendent of nurses in the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital in Madura. A Canadian, she studied in the School of Higher English and Applied Arts, and in Lady Stanley's Training School. Her home address is 12 Thornton Ave., Ottawa, Ontario.

Leona L. Burr of Foochow, China, also arrived in February. A South Dakota girl, she took a normal school course there, taught three years and was principal of a school, one; was graduated from Dakota Wesleyan College in 1918 and the following year went, under the American Board, to China where she was connected with the Shaowu Mission until 1927; taught a year in Ahmednagar, India; then returned to China to teach in Foochow College.

This, That, and the Other

Cuts Can Be Borrowed

Anyone who can make good use of them is welcome to borrow any of the cuts used in connection with the Home Board material appearing in the MISSIONARY HERALD, the syndicated state papers, the calendar service or in other places. All that is necessary is to write to Mrs. Donald W. Van Dyke, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City, telling what you want and the use to which it is to be put. So far as possible such requests will be gladly met.

Lantern Slides Available

Because of the discontinuance of a number of stereopticon lectures the Home Boards have on hand many colored slides depicting missionary work under our flag, particularly our schools and other activities among the Indians, the Southern Highlanders, the Puerto Ricans and the Southern Negroes. Anyone who can make a good use of these slides is welcome to avail himself of them. If interested write to J. R. Scotford, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City.

A Social Center Transferred

The social center for Greeks in Kokkinia which has been carried on by the American Board Near East Mission for nine years has lately been handed over to the Greek Y. M. C. A. which will carry it on coöperatively with the Mission for several years. Boys and girls from eight to eighteen years of age have night school lessons, social activities, and physical training.

Heavy Reading for Missionaries

On page 528 of the November issue of the HERALD appeared an article headed "Light Reading for Missionaries." We take full responsibility for both the title and for the material that appeared under the same. We still feel that generally speaking missionaries require a good deal of light reading and that they never receive too many mystery tales, too many best sellers in novels, romances, and the like. Their work is strenuous, to say the least, and they need recreation of the right sort.

At the same time, we should not give the impression that gifts of religious and other "weighty" books are not needed and just as deeply appreciated as those of the lighter kind.

A great many of the missionaries like to have a balanced diet in reading as well as in food. They crave the new books on religion and new books on almost any subject that interests us at home.

In other words, missionaries like biography, travel, books on economic questions of the day, books that deal with the big movements in other countries, books of poetry, new books on psychology, and on science (when not too technical).

So, kind reader, while searching and sending books of the lighter sort, just put in a little "weight" for balance.

Anatolia Girls School

The Trustees see the way clear for keeping this girls' school in Saloniki, Greece open for another year. Miss Bertha Morley, the principal, is now on furlough. Miss Isabelle Harley is Acting Principal. A larger registration than for several years past is testimony that the school has a reputation for good work and is rising daily in the estimation of the people of Greece. "The more I know of the school," writes Mary Ingle, a teacher in it, "and the more I see of the girls who have graduated, the more I believe in the service the school is rendering here in Greece. I sincerely hope that it will be possible to establish it on a rather more se-

cure financial basis. I know its good friends are doing all they can to make this possible."

Rural Life Sunday Is May 2

For the eighth year Rural Life Sunday is to be observed on the first Sunday in May. An attractive order of service with abundant program suggestions has been prepared by the Town and Country committee of the Home Missions Council and may be secured from the Church Extension Boards at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Concerning the significance of Rural Life Sunday this program states: "It has emphasized the importance of one half of the earth's population. It has promoted a better understanding between country and city. It has brought about a fuller realization of the deep spiritual meanings of rural life."

A Place for Pulpit Chairs

At Brick, North Carolina, what was once a junior college is being transformed into a center for the quickening of rural life. In this program of progress the church service has a proper place, but just at present the worship of the people suffers from the lack of suitable pulpit furniture. Somehow just an ordinary chair does not fit on such an occasion. Undoubtedly some church in our fellowship has some pulpit chairs which are gathering dust when they might be rendering a more useful service. If you are interested, write to Mr. Neill A. McLean at Brick, North Carolina.

Kraal Schools Step Up

A greater number of the pupils in the village schools around Mt. Silinda are brought in every year to the central station for examinations, and a larger per cent of them pass. So that this year, Rev. John Marsh says, the Mission is planning to step up the standards (grades) in many of these schools. He wonders if it would be financially possible to have higher grades in a few selected centers so that Mt. Silinda Institute need handle only high school and Normal School pupils. The people would have to assume an increasing burden.

This is a photo of the Maranaw Folk School booth at the Municipal and Provincial Fair. It was a fine opportunity for demonstration and exhibition of Nursery, Literacy and Industrial art

Worried By the Feminine Gender

A little village north of Durban, South Africa, was named after Mtubatuba, the local chief, grandson of the founder of the present Zulu Royal House. The first European settlers there found the name easier to pronounce when an "a" was inserted after the "M" and so the Post Office officially spelt it.

At last the Chief petitioned the Government to alter the name to its proper form. Matubatuba is the feminine form of Mtubatuba, and the constant pronunciation of his name in the feminine by Europeans and by his subjects who had to conform, was causing him to lose prestige!

The Government saw the point.

English Essay by a Chinese

Liu Shu Ping, graduate of the Mary Morrill School in Paoting, China, was one of two prize winners for English essays. Part of her essay follows.

" . . . Sometimes I ask myself, 'What have you invented for the community? What have you contributed to the needs of your colleagues, to the welfare of the country, and to the happiness of men in the world?'

"One day when I was walking by the side of the Martyrs' Cemetery I saw a group of graves lying in lines. This reminds me of our ancestors who had given up their lives during the Boxer Year for the sake of Christianity. At the same time I asked myself, 'Is it not because of their sacrifice that we young people may enjoy what we are enjoying now?' They were like brave soldiers bearing the cross and fighting against the devils. They had lost their lives, yet they had won in their spiritual life. . . .

"In the darkness of today's community and in the putrefaction of political affairs, there are people who are wandering on a deviated road, but have forgotten the enlightened Road. Now we need good soldiers of the Cross who will fight for the Kingdom of God. . . .

"Now young fellow followers of Christ, the duty of the good soldiers is already on our shoulders, strive hard, and fight the good fight, so that the darkness of the world may be wiped out and the Kingdom of God may come on to earth."

O Love That Broods Above

O Love that broods above, within
The lowly hearts of men,
When will we see to cast out sin,—
O when, O Spirit, when?

Thou comest as a mighty thought
To teach us holiness;
Lo, we by Thee are upward caught
And do Thy name confess.

And yet we are but mortals weak,
We turn from Thee aside:
O we should always strive to seek
Thy mercy ever wide.

O Spirit, Thou the truth divine,
Retrieve our wand'ring hearts;
Lift high for us the Saviour's sign—
The Cross that love imparts;

For in the Cross the pow'r resides
To make us upward plod
The steepened heights where love abides,—
The Love that is our God.

By a Reader of the HERALD
in Worcester

In Memoriam

Ellen Maria Blakely

"Thank God for such lives!"

The swift thought of everyone who had known Miss Blakely on hearing the news of her death in California!

Teacher in the College for Girls in Marash, serving later with very great distinction as its president, her influence over her students was very great—they adored her—and that influence she maintained to a marvelous degree after they left the college by a correspondence with everyone whom she could locate. She knew where each one was living, what she was doing, what was her family life, and gave to each of her own abounding faith and courage.

Her great capacity was for building character through personal friendships, especially with younger people. Shunning every sort of display or demonstration, she knew how to draw people to herself and her Lord through loving thoughts and deeds.

It is rare to find anyone so utterly forgetful of self, so deeply interested in everyone who touched her life. She never was too busy to have time for some girl who needed a helpful word, or for some old person from without her college who came to her for sympathy.

The college was broken up by the Great War. Then she took up city work for the Moslem women as if that were what she had come to Turkey for.

"I have many mental pictures of her going about the city of Marash," says Dr. Fred Field Goodsell whose acquaintance with Miss Blakely began there in 1907, "calling in many homes, both Turkish and Armenian, being greeted on every hand by children, young people, older ones. She always had a smile for her friends and a helpful word to anyone who sought her advice."

"She was a fine tonic to a newcomer," says Dr. Caroline Hamilton who went to Turkey seven years later than Miss Blakely and retired from active service four years later, "she was so cheerful, so happy in her work, so really interested in every form of mission activity. To find her a near neighbor when Miss Trowbridge and I came to Holyoke made the strangeness of life in America an easier thing. The same true friend was here to give of her own courage."

When Ellen Blakely retired in 1930 after forty-five years of missionary service she made her home with her sister Bertha, librarian of Mount Holyoke College, from which Ellen herself had graduated in 1881. Not far away in Farmington, Conn., was a brother, Rev. Quincy Blakely, who had been given the name and had followed the calling, of their father. Another brother was a physician in Boston.

When her sister Bertha retired, leaving behind her the magnificent new Williston Library as a monument to her labors, the sisters went to make a new home together in Claremont, Calif. The end came suddenly in Pasadena.

"Forty-four years of sacrificial service. A beautiful life spent for Armenian young womanhood . . . Generations to come will bless her memory," said Pastor Rejebian at the last services.

Rev. Everett G. Harris

The death of Rev. E. G. Harris on Dec. 11, 1936, removed a human landmark from the city of Louisville and ended one of the most remarkable records of service ever to be established among our Negro churches.

Mr. Harris was born in Amelia County, Virginia, in February of 1867. He attended the Divinity School of Howard University in Washington, D. C., and later graduated from the National Medical College in Louisville.

In 1891 he became pastor of the

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Plymouth Congregational Church in Louisville, where he continued to serve for over forty-five years. Some years ago he prepared the following account of his ministry:

"When I came the church had about twenty-five members, all of whom were older people who had come over from the Colored Methodist Church, and none of whom had ever been to school. They did not even have many children. The church owned no property, but was renting a little room for $8.00 a month—and was behind at that.

"During the following year we built a little frame church, thanks to the assistance of the American Missionary Association. After eight years the church came to self-support, although the support was very small.

"In the course of time the pastor and people reached the conclusion that the church could enlarge its influence through a social service program with clubs and classes laying definite stress upon the domestic arts and sciences. Soon we attracted the attention of the wealthy people of Louisville by sending to their homes splendid maids, cooks, laundresses, and seamstresses.

"With the help of our prosperous friends we were able to build Plymouth Settlement House in 1917, which is well located for clubs, classes and meetings of various kinds for all the denominations. Here the boys and girls of the community gather on week-days for games and classes, and on Sunday for Sunday school.

"One of the chief features of the Settlement House is the quarters provided for Negro working girls who have no homes in the city and who do not live where they are employed. We offer nice, clean rooms with bath. The girls are surrounded by wholesome amusements, and are invited to participate in the religious and social activities of the church and settlement.

"Through the activities of the settlement house we made a name for ourselves throughout Louisville. In 1928 we were able to enlist the support of our friends in raising the money for a new church, which was completed in 1929. Just as we were shouldering a heavy debt the depression overtook us!"

Mr. Harris was active in many forms of community work. He served as chairman of the directors of both the Plymouth Settlement House and the Colored Orphans' Home. Each institution received the support of the Louisville Community Fund. He was a familiar figure at the meetings of the General Council.

Because of his wide experience he served as something of a balance wheel. He was human and companionable. His presence made everyone merrier

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and happier. His laughter was contagious. He was virile, humble and sincere.

Anna Lord Merritt

Mrs. Charles Phelps Williams Merritt went with her husband, a physician, to the North China Mission of the American Board in 1885. They were located in Paotingfu. Returning to America in 1893, they were unable to go back to China on account of Dr. Merritt's impaired health. They settled in Clifton Springs, N. Y., after having gone to the sanitarium there for treatment, and later Dr. Foster, the founder of the sanitarium, took him on its staff as eye, ear, and throat specialist. After fifteen years he opened an office of his own and bought a home in the village. He died in 1925. Their oldest son Edward was a missionary under the China Inland Mission for long after the parents left China. He died in France during the World War. His English wife, married in China, has lived with Mrs. Charles Merritt, cared for her and the home until the invalid's death on January 21. Another son is Rev. Royal Merritt of New York City. Two daughters married: Mrs. Francis B. MacWilliams and Mrs. Lester Brock. Mrs. Merritt was a direct descendant of Elder Brewster and Roger Williams.

Mrs. H. S. Forney

Mrs. H. S. Forney died at Bricks, N. C., January 26, 1937. For a number of years her husband was in charge of the Brick School Farm. In recent years Mr. and Mrs. Forney have worked their own farm adjoining the Brick farm. Both have been leaders in the Adult Life Program at Bricks, Mrs. Forney being the president of the Garden Club.

The Chronicle

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Loy L. Long in Ahmednagar, India, December 22, returning to the Marathi Mission.

Rev. Frank T. Meacham in Mt. Silinda, Rhodesia, in January, returning to the East Africa Mission.

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Miss Agnes A. Wood in Durban, Natal, January 13, returning to the South Africa Mission.

* * *

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Miss Betty I. Taylor of Madura, South India, in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, February 22.

Miss Leona L. Burr of Foochow, China, in San Francisco, February 25.

* * *

BIRTHS

Rev. and Mrs. George W. Penn, a son, Alfred Wayne, February 9, at Lanett, Alabama.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Bonsall Smith of the Near East Mission, a son, Fred Wesley, at Istanbul, February 22.

* * *

DEATHS

Mrs. Anna C. Merritt (widow of Dr. C. P. W. Merritt), at Clifton Springs, New York, January 21; missionary in North China 1885–1895.

Miss Ellen M. Blakely at Pasadena, California, February 21; missionary in Turkey 1885–1929.

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Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, incorporated in California, 1877, Mrs. W. C. Blasdale, Treasurer, 2514 College Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

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The Congregational Board of Ministerial Relief serves the welfare of the ministry by making grants to aged or disabled ministers, their widows and orphan children. Its income is inadequate to do its work. In 1935, 1,023 regular and emergency grants were made by the national and state Boards.

The Annuity Fund is a scientific contributory plan by which a minister may safeguard his age and provide incidental benefits for himself in the event of disability, and for the family in case of his untimely death. Membership, December 31, 1935, 3,108. Assets, $6,222,146.

The Pilgrim Memorial Fund is a permanent foundation, held in trust by the Corporation for the General Council. The income supplements the minister's annual payments toward old age annuities. Net collections, December 31, 1935, $5,004,665.

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The Missions Council is constituted by the Prudential Committee of the American Board and the Board of Directors of the Home Boards under authority of the General Council to effect a unified program of missionary education and promotion. Its Cabinet is composed of Rev. Fred Field Goodsell, Executive Vice-President of the American Board; Rev. William F. Frazier, Executive Vice-President of the Home Boards; Rev. Rodney W. Roundy, Portland, Maine, representing the Council of State Superintendents; and Rev. Leonard M. Outerbridge, Executive Secretary of Promotion of the American Board and of the Home Boards, Chairman. Its Joint Staff includes personnel of the promotional units of both Boards.

The Missions Council is the "official body for each of the Missionary Societies for the purpose of disseminating information, cultivating interest and procuring funds." For literature, educational plans, slides, speakers and information address the Missions Council at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York, or 14 Beacon Street, Boston or 19 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

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